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PARIS AND BERLIN

LAST Monday the French Socialist Ministers ostentatiously left the Front Bench in the National Assembly and the Socialist Party joined with the permanent Communist Opposition in defeating M. Schuman's Government on an amendment to reduce the military budget. Beyond question M. Blum's second "experiment" was at an end. The so-called "Third Force" administration, which had become increasingly a bankers' agency, had at length been repudiated by its Left-Centre adherents. It is easy, but beside the point, to regret that France should have been plunged into a governmental crisis at a moment of acute international tension, and to criticise the Socialists, as is being done by the Right-wing press both in England and France, for their "irresponsibility" in deserting M. Schuman at this juncture and on an issue of secondary importance. The fact is that when the Socialists, on the advice of M. Blum, entered a coalition dominated by the M.R.P., they took the same risks as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took in 1931: they were compelled to make one politically damaging concession after another to their Right-Centre partners. The Socialist Party could not be altogether oblivious to the fact that, if it were not to be extinguished in the forthcoming elections for the Council of the Republic, a halt had to be called to the process of progressive capitulation.

The immediate considerations which determined the Socialists to break at this point with the M.R.P. lay more in the field of domestic than in that of international policy. They were doubtless aware of the growing popular opposition to the ruinous war in Viet-Nam, and the deep concern felt by the French public at what is popularly regarded in France as the "surrender" at the London Conference on Germany. There is no reason, however, to suppose that they were dissatisfied with the attitude which, they knew, M. Bidault would adopt at the Hague meeting. More important, we suspect, in the minds of the Socialist Ministers must have been the evidence, in the latest strike of government employees, that the *Force Ouvrière* and the Catholic Unions were beginning to make common cause with the Communist-led C.G.T. Furthermore, they were faced with the fact that M. René Mayer, having appointed a pre-war aircraft magnate in the person of M. Potez to "rationalise" the nationalised French aircraft industry, was insisting on being given powers to appoint by decree similar administrators drawn from the ranks of the old capitalist regime to control other nationalised industries. In brief, the Socialists revolted—as they were bound to do sooner or later—from a Government which was steadily putting back the clock.

In these circumstances it is difficult to see how a more genuine Third Force administration in France can be patched up. A Socialist-Communist coalition is not on the cards; nor is it likely that any party would welcome a dissolution before the autumn elections. Indeed, even M. de Gaulle seems likely to pursue for the moment masterly inactivity, calculating that time is on his side. Thus the prospects are that for the next few months France will have a caretaker government of the Centre and Right, which the Radicals will support or lead and which the Socialists will abstain from overthrowing.

Report from Berlin

It is not necessary to credit the U.S.S.R. with altruistic intentions in offering to supply foodstuffs on a scale sufficient to feed all sectors of Berlin, provided that they are paid for by the consumers in Eastern marks. This is clearly a calculated propaganda move in the cold war. Nevertheless, it is an effective reply to the Anglo-American contention that we are bound to stay in Berlin to prevent "our" Berliners starving. A force of American Super-Fortresses contributes to the cold war, but not to the Berlin shops.

A British correspondent in Berlin, whose attitude (we may add) is as far removed as possible from that of a Russophil or "appeaser," cables, as we go to press, that, despite the air-lift, the Western Powers in Berlin are struggling against mounting odds, material and psychological. The Russians, confident that our difficulties must increase, have, he says, the evident intention to maintain their "offensive" by a series of easily foreseeable planned attacks on salients. First, they announced that they are ready to run the city's electric railway—its main means of communication. Next came the food offer—reflecting obviously Russian recognition that, if they are to go the whole hog, they must have a substantial proportion of Berliners on their side. This coincided with an announcement by the authorities in the Western sectors that the increased rations for Berlin decided upon by the Kommandantura a few weeks ago could not be honoured. (So far, rations on the lower scale have been fully met in the Western sectors, and there are supplies for six weeks.) This week-end, moreover, all food-processing factories in Western Berlin, except bakeries and margarine plants, are to be closed. Practically all industry in the Western sectors has now stopped for lack of raw materials and electric power, and unemployment is increasing at an alarming rate, although unemployment benefit is being paid and some alternative work is being found on rubble clearance.

Our correspondent adds that a further serious threat to morale in the Western sectors is the approaching exhaustion of newsprint—a threat made the more serious by the fact that, owing to cuts in electric current, Western radio stations are, to all intents and purposes, inaudible. Finally, the "unspeakable currency tangle" continues to contribute greatly to growing paralysis in the city. Appeals by responsible Germans for an increase in the (at present quite inadequate) amount of Western Marks in circulation, accompanied by a more adequate supply of consumer goods from the West, have met with no response, through fears apparently of depreciating the value of the new money in Trizonia. The result is that the Western Mark is being hoarded or used only for black-market transactions, in which the Russians are "taking no small part." They are throwing large quantities of Soviet-made cigarettes on the market. These can be obtained only from shops in the Soviet sector against pay-

ment in Western Marks. The obvious intention is to drain the scarce Western Marks into Soviet pockets. In consequence, the Russian aim to make the Eastern Mark the effective city-wide currency is being rapidly achieved.

Summing up the situation, our correspondent reports that "though morale in Berlin is still high, tempers are beginning to get frayed. Frequently one hears the remark that only force can break the deadlock. More often it is said—and this is the common man's outlook—that one would be prepared to shoulder all these difficulties if one could be convinced of their absolute necessity. But there is rising resentment at what is regarded as the wantonness of the crisis, its futility and lack of any good reason behind it."

Warning to de Gasperi

If Signor de Gasperi carries out his declared intention of "answering" the stoppages of work and disorders which followed the wounding of Signor Togliatti by the introduction of repressive anti-strike legislation, he will be adopting the risky course of trying to quench a volcano by sitting on it. Togliatti is recovering; the general strike which the Unions ordered was officially called off after 24 hours, and rapid intervention by troops and armed police was effective in preventing the overthrowing of legal authority in the big industrial centres. But though there is no evidence that Di Vittorio and the other Communist leaders of the trade unions intended the general strike to be more than a demonstration of protest, the attacks on the *carabinieri* throughout the country and (still more) the immediate decision of many peasants in Tuscany to take to the hills in preparation for guerilla war go to show how explosive is the situation which confronts the Premier. Thanks to the combined pressure of the Church and the State Department, the Christian Democrats won, last April, an impressive Parliamentary victory; but, with unemployment still growing and the purchasing power of workers' incomes still falling, a Government of the Right will be heading for trouble if it underrates the resentment and bitterness with which it is regarded by the 30 per cent. of the electorate which voted for the Left bloc last spring. If the Premier is wise, he will see last week's mass demonstrations as a warning that the reactionary elements in his party must not be allowed to block the land reforms and other social measures which are essential if the class struggle in Italy is not to be decided by brute force.

The Palestine Truce

In accepting the Palestine truce, by a majority of three to two, the Arab League has bowed to the inevitable. A refusal would have meant the immediate lifting of the American embargo on arms shipments to Israel. Moreover, Mr. Bevin had curtly informed the League that, even if the Americans began to supply the Jews, Britain would maintain her ban on the export of arms to the Arabs. In that case the Jewish military superiority, so strikingly demonstrated in the short period of fighting before the truce came into force, would have become overwhelming. As it was, only the intervention of the Security Council prevented the Jews from overrunning the whole "Arab triangle" and re-opening the main road to Jerusalem. The difficulty which faces the Arab politicians is that they cannot, without risking revolution, admit the truth to their own peoples that the State of Israel cannot be destroyed. Negotiations, therefore, may be protracted for months, if not years, and the truce may become a "permanent temporary" arrangement under which Abdullah and the Israel Government will tacitly divide the country. The one thing which could bring the Arabs to a sense of reality is British *de facto* recognition of Israel. But negotiations, which looked promising three weeks ago, are hanging fire, and Mr. Goldmann, the Jewish representative, has now left London. Such delays help no one. Palestinian Jewish trade under the Mandate was chiefly with Britain. Now, refused recognition, Israel is forced to look for other markets for its citrus crop and to spend its considerable dollar resources outside the sterling area from which Mr. Bevin summarily ejected it.

Uno in India

It had been feared that the United Nations Commission, which is to investigate the Kashmir dispute, would be met in Delhi with black flags—the traditional form of expressing absolute disapproval of a Commission. In the end, however, the Indian Government proved reluctant to allow the advantage of politeness to go to Pakistan and have indicated their willingness to co-operate. The Indian case appears to be that not merely has Pakistan aided the invaders of Kashmir, but that she is engaging in an "undeclared" war against her sister Dominion. It is significant, in this connection, that Pakistan no longer denies allegations of direct intervention, by arms and soldiers, in Kashmir. Nor is there much doubt that Pakistan is doing what she can to give sustenance and encouragement to Hyderabad. This means that the Commission, if it is to do any good, will be obliged to inquire not only into the local causes of the Kashmir trouble, but into the more far ranging issues which divide the two Dominions. The Commission's chance of success lies in the fact that continued strife is highly damaging to both sides. Kashmir, for instance, is costing India £30,000 a day, and, if Hyderabad can hold out for some time, it will be by no means pleasant for India to have to carry the dead burden of an economically strangled State of 17 million souls in her midst.

The N.C.B. Makes A "Profit"

The National Coal Board has turned the tables on its less intelligent critics by declaring a "profit" for the first quarter of 1948—that is to say, a surplus over and above the sum required to meet interest and interim income charges on its capital. This change in the finances of the Board has, of course, no real bearing on the merits of its administration: it is mainly a result of the increase of 2s. 6d. a ton made in coal prices at the beginning of the year. It will, nevertheless, do something to counter the ridiculous argument that the 1947 "loss" means the failure of nationalisation. The real importance of the new return is that it shows clearly how small is the difference between "loss" and "profit," in the special sense given to these words in relation to the Board's affairs. Capital charges, now as ever, form a relatively small part of the cost of producing coal: wages, now as ever, are by far the largest element in total cost. Capital costs will, of course, form a higher proportion of the total as mechanisation advances: they are already higher proportionately in the more modern than in the older collieries. But even when the big reorganisation has been achieved, wage-costs will continue to account for a higher percentage of total cost than in most industries. Hence the special importance of high individual output, on grounds of long-term economy as well as of the immediate shortage of man-power—which is the Board's next serious problem.

The Builders Look Forward

The Building Trades Operatives, at their Conference this week, demanded a full reinstatement of the housing plans that were reduced during last year's crisis. Mr. Adams, from the chair, argued that the industry could build half a million houses a year (as compared with a pre-war average of about 350,000) without in any way interfering with other types of building. This is a somewhat simple way of putting the case. No doubt it could be done if there were no restrictions on the import of materials and no limits to the industry's licence to acquire man-power. But, for the present, a building rate of half a million houses a year would eat up too much material, too many workers, and too high a proportion of the total sum available for capital investment. There is a good case for building more houses than were allowed for under last year's panic retrenchment on investment, and the Government has already done something to scale up its projects. But half a million is too many, especially at the existing level of costs, which is a great deal too high. On this issue, the building workers urged speedier action upon the Working Party which is at present studying the structure of the industry, and we endorse their plea and also the demand for speedy action on the Simon Report dealing with the supply conditions in the industries producing builders' materials. The building business is in need of a revolution fully as drastic as that which is now in progress in coal mining.

Words Without Music

The Musicians' Union claim that the B.B.C. ought to pay more than the average outside concert promoter. If a musician fluffs in an ordinary performance only a few people notice it. If he makes a mistake on the air it is heard by millions. The B.B.C. must demand the highest possible standard of excellence and reliability; therefore they must pay more for it. At first the musicians thought they should come up to the level of some gramophone and film companies—£1 an hour. Now they are willing to call it a day at an increase of 10s. in the minimum rate for a performance. That would mean £2 6s. for the Provinces and £3 for London (the payment to include rehearsals and, perhaps, as much as five or six hours' work). At the same time, the musicians point out that the minimum, in some cases, has not risen by more than 2s. 6d. since 1939. The B.B.C. reply that they cannot depart from the principle of relating their fees to those for outside performances. They already tend to pay more, and why should they pay all that more? To compare work for film and gramophone companies with the B.B.C. is, say the B.B.C., nonsense. The former buy the performance of the musicians outright and use it as many times as they like, whilst the B.B.C. is hedged round by restrictions and agreements regulating repeat performances. To the B.B.C. it seems that the Musicians' Union, knowing that outside promoters cannot economically raise their fees, are determined to victimise the Corporation. Relays ceased on December 31st because the B.B.C. refused to allow the full studio fee for them on the grounds that no extra burden of any significance was put on the musician by having to play to a microphone as well as an audience. To which the musicians retorted that to accept less for a relay was to undercut a hypothetical musician who would otherwise have been employed in the studio, but for the relay. Now casual studio broadcasts are to stop as well after July 31st. Both sides expect a triumph and a capitulation of the enemy. The musicians are convinced that the public will demand more for their licence money than ten familiar staff orchestras, which is all the B.B.C. will have left to them, apart from an already limited playing time allowance of gramophone records. The B.B.C. are equally certain that, with sports contests all through August and the substitution of, say, a piano for the band during the interludes in "Much Binding in the Marsh," the public will be well content. Further weapons available to the musicians are the calling-off of brass bands and an appeal to the War Office to take Service bands off the air to avoid being in the position of using troops to break a strike. The musicians also declare their willingness to submit to arbitration. This is no surprise to the B.B.C., whose slightly odd attitude to arbitration is that whereas the musicians could not get less than the B.B.C.'s present offer by such a process, they might get more than the B.B.C. are prepared to give. In the meanwhile, projected programmes from the Edinburgh Festival will be curtailed. Final victory will rest with the side which has the more accurately assessed what listeners will tolerate.

PARLIAMENT: Capital Politics

WEDNESDAY.

ore than one conscience that went into the Hang- Debate lily-white, came out rumpled, *demi-ges*. They had compromised. No one was satis- Many had guilty feelings. The earlier debate dealt with principles, and the cheers in the bies by the exalted abolitionists had been for the delayed triumph of Right.

ut the present discussion was no longer con- ned with absolutes, except for the theorists who to ask themselves whether a reduced number hangings would reduce the amount of wrong in ging. The Home Secretary, the Attorney General the movers of the original Amendment had to- her framed a clause which, it was thought, those o were for hanging and those who were against it ld equally support. Such an expedient was bound have flaws, whether as a legal standard or as a al decision.

n added complication was that the Tories were merely resisting abolition; they were also justify- the Lords, whose popular stand in favour of hang- was being thwarted by the Labour Government. th party politics came the snarls—there was an barrassing exchange of injuries between Winterton d Silverman—and Hogg, remembering the nobler e of the earlier debate, had to remind the House t the subject was men's lives.

Churchill's main charge was that the compromise use was arbitrary and unworkable. The Attorney neral's reply was that it had the worthwhile purpose limiting the use of the gallows, even though it ght have faults in logic. Members on both sides the House were disturbed by this casual regard logic, and Antony Greenwood, in the day's best ech, challenged the clause as a "hotch-potch of nsistencies." This roused Benson into a bitter ck on Greenwood, whom he charged with "sneer- at those of us who have spent long years in penal rm"—a charge that seemed unfounded.

The victory for the compromise was rapidly turned defeat in the Lords on Monday, and the abolition- ' advance was once again arrested. Comparing e debates of both Houses, it is clear that despite ternal forms, the Commons' debates were the more liberate and less prejudiced. Free from the horror ries of Lord Goddard and the frightening solemn- s of the capital punishment bishops (of whom some- e said that they want to cut our throats according their cloth), the Commons' debates showed, here d there at least, that there are men prepared to give nkind the benefit of the doubt, who still believe in perfectability.

Housing is almost second to hanging in the emotion provokes. But the Tories had the difficulty, as neurin Bevan pointed out in the Housing Debate, not knowing whether their policy is more houses less houses. Waving his *Economist* clippings, falter Elliot advanced to the despatch box to chide e Minister for not building more houses. He had viously left at home the extracts from the *Economist*, d its little fellow-traveller, *The Times's* second ader, warning the country of the need to cut down ital expenditure, particularly on housing.

Elliot, whom Mallalieu compared with a St. Ber- d that had lost its brandy, made a "shaggy dog" ech; his point went astray, and none of the later ty speakers could find it. Even Marples, a builder d one of the Tories' most practical thinkers, was able to clarify his Party's building policy. He also into the error of trying to exchange vituperation th the Minister, only to find that good invective ils more than enthusiasm.

Bevan in his winding-up speech gave the Tories e usual drubbing. Unable to dispose of him by the thod of jeers and interruptions, they nowadays d to listen to him with an expression of long- fering dislike, a matter of apparent indifference Bevan, whose success in building houses is suffi- nt grounds for their enmity.

Another question which, it seemed, might more perly have been directed to the Minister of Health, addressed to the Foreign Secretary. Sir Waldron miners complained about the "goings on" at Ivy rm, Knockholt. Mitchison, unreported by Hansard, ked, "Is this Mrs. Wiggins's country house?"

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE VOICE OF EUROPE

FOUR, and as far as we can see only four, possible exits remain from the Berlin situation. The Russians could give way. This seems highly improbable. There is no reason why they should, since they know that our position there is in the long run untenable and since they have many forms of pressure at their disposal which they can turn on and off as they like. If, in order to avoid war, they make concessions now, the snow can always be found to have blocked the roads and highways in winter. We are maintaining by spectacular, but short-term means, an enclave one hundred and twenty miles within Russian territory, and if the Russians wish to apply pressure they can do so whenever they regard it as safe or convenient. The second possibility is that the Allied Powers should give way under duress. This would be a very bad solution, since it would produce, especially in the United States, a Munich atmosphere which would make all future agreements impossible and render war practically certain within two years. The third possibility is war. Fantastic though it is, an incident resulting in a crash of Allied planes might occur any day and produce a passionate anger only to be satiated by atom bombs. Such a war would in all probability last for many years. It would certainly involve every continent; it would be fought as a revolutionary war by coloured people all over the world. It would ruin America and Russia, and complete the destruction of Europe. We should cease to sing "there will always be an England." The fourth exit is discussion and negotiation, which could not to-day be usefully confined to the narrow issue of Berlin, where sentiment and prestige are both so deeply engaged, but which must aim at a settlement of the whole German and Austrian situation.

Mr. Marshall's statement on Wednesday made it clear that the United States does intend to attempt the last, and obviously sane, course—renewed negotiation. Properly, Mr. Marshall declares that the United States will not be coerced; the balance of power is such that negotiations could not lead to any kind of surrender. Talks would be on an equal basis, since Russia has the stronger position in Berlin and on the European Continent, while the United States has atom bombs and far more advanced production capacity for war. Presumably, Mr. Marshall, no less than Mr. Bevin, has been impressed by the evidence, reinforced at the Hague meeting, that, while the Western Union Powers desire to hold together against Communism, they know that war in present circumstances would be a final catastrophe for them, and that a renewed effort to reach a settlement with the Soviet Union on the German issue is absolutely essential. If Eastern European Powers, like the Poles and Czechs, could express their views, we may be sure that on this necessity they would be equally emphatic. In short, Western Union has spoken for Europe as a whole.

There can be little doubt that during the secret discussion at the Hague Mr. Bevin heard some plain speaking by M. Bidault and his colleagues on this point. They all appreciate that from a strictly military point of view Western Europe up to the Pyrenees must be written off for some years ahead. American strategy is based on two axioms: first, the defence of the Middle East and the destruction from air bases there of the Russian oil fields, and secondly, the retention of Britain and the Iberian Peninsula as jumping off points for the War of European Liberation. But if this sort of strategic thinking is ever accepted as British policy, the very idea of any union in the West is destroyed from the outset. No nation can be expected to commit hari-kiri, three years after the end of the German Occupation, except on one condition—that it knows with absolute certainty that every possible method of peaceful settlement has been tried.

This, of course, is why M. Bidault during the past fortnight has been pressing for a compromise formula which would enable the Foreign Ministers to resume their discussions on the German problem. The French crisis seems not seriously to have impaired his diplomatic position. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Bevin realises that, in arguing against diplomacy by ultimatum, the French Foreign Minister speaks for every country of Western Europe. The only possible exception is Germany, where there are influential forces who believe that Germany has more to gain out of a war than out of agreement between East and West. In that case Dr. Goebbels would be justified: he foretold that the war to break up Germany would be followed by another to reunite a Fourth Reich.

To condemn the French desire to find a compromise as "appeasement" is sheer insanity. Reluctantly they accepted the necessity of a Western German State and only fought to retain, what was necessary from all points of view, international control of the Ruhr. But as long ago as last April they warned Mr. Marshall that the announcement of the Six-Power Agreement and the enforcement of Western currency reform would certainly produce violent Russian reactions in Berlin; and they asked him bluntly what America would do in face of these Russian reactions and what guarantee it could give to Western Europe. These questions were brushed aside as the usual "French jitters." Washington had been convinced by General Clay that, if it came to a show-down, Russia would cave in; we could win all the fruits of war without a war. M. Bidault's estimate of Russian reactions has proved more accurate than General Clay's.

Once again Britain's role is decisive. We have two alternatives. Either we can behave as the junior partners in an Anglo-American alliance, determined to cajole recalcitrant Europeans into a policy which for them is suicidal; or, on the other hand, we can become the spokesman of a real Western Union. If we are to adopt the latter position, it is high time that we showed a greater understanding of the European attitude to the two inter-related problems of Germany and Russia. Apart, of course, from the Communist Party, European democrats are at least as aware as ourselves of the danger of Russian expansion. Where they differ from us profoundly is in their realisation that under certain conditions a German menace can very speedily be recreated.

According to this interpretation, there are only three ways of dealing with the German menace. The first, as *The Times* remarks, is "to test the sincerity of Moscow's expressed desire to re-establish Four Power control over a more unified Germany." Secondly, if there were greater confidence between East and West we could permit the emergence of a united Germany which was self-governing. An agreement that all the Powers should withdraw from Germany, subject to military and economic safeguards, might be a possible outcome of a "top-level" conference. It is true that the U.S.S.R. would remain a neighbour of Germany while the U.S.A. would be far away, but such an agreement would mean the end of friction across an artificial German frontier, and there would always remain the sanction that unilateral intervention by the U.S.S.R. would be a *casus belli*.

There remains the third course—provisional partition. If negotiations fail to produce any Four-Power agreement for a more or less unified Germany, then we must face the fact that, with all its dangers, the temporary division of Germany into two Zones is unavoidable. The most fatal course would be for Berlin to remain as the focus of the rivalry between two non-European Powers, each determined to create a strong Germany in its own image willing and able not only to assist in a world war, but to dominate Europe. Against such plans for a United Germany, whether made by Russians or Americans, a Western European must fight as hard as he can.

The issue can be reduced to this. If we want all the Germans as our allies against Russia, we must forfeit the support of the other nations of Western Europe. If we want Western Europe to hold together, we must agree to a conference —which must include heads of States as well as Foreign Ministers—which is prepared to discuss a general settlement for Germany and Austria, and we must be prepared, in the last resort, to negotiate with the U.S.S.R. on the basis of a Germany divided provisionally into two States, with two capitals.

THE COAL QUESTION

In the coal question, as it presents itself to-day, three problems are so intertwined that any discussion that fails to take them all fully into account is bound to arrive at a distorted conclusion. These problems are, first, to get enough coal in the near future to provide for the needs both of home consumption and of export, including what is required of the coal industry under the Marshall Plan; secondly, to carry through a long-term plan of reorganisation that will make it possible to get more coal more cheaply, and of better quality, with fewer miners; and thirdly, to work out a satisfactory way of administering a great socialised industry, not merely without incurring the hostility, but with the keen co-operation of those engaged in it. There are points at which the first and the second of these objectives are bound to come into conflict; for more coal now may have to be won at the cost of slower reorganisation, or *vice versa*. There are also plenty of points at which both the first and the second objective *may* come into conflict with the third; but this does not mean that they *must* do so.

The "loss" recorded on the first year's working of the National Coal Board is neither here nor there, from the standpoint of assessing the success of nationalisation. It is due to a combination of three causes—the need to work inferior seams in order to get as much coal as possible *now*, the need to make conditions in the mines attractive enough to procure an adequate labour force, and the social and economic undesirability of raising coal prices high enough to achieve a surplus (which could easily have been done). The much-criticised five-day week was, in fact, forced on the N.C.B. much less by pressure from the N.U.M. than by its introduction in other industries which are competitors for the supply of labour—such as engineering. Average costs are bound to be high in an industry subject in the short-run to decreasing returns but compelled to use every available pit in order to get coal quickly. To cover these costs with high prices would have prejudiced other industries, particularly export industries, but also home industries on which the cost of living depends.

The "loss"—more than half of which is, in fact, not a loss but a failure to earn a standard rate of profit—is thus entirely explicable. It can be attacked only on the ground that it could have been avoided, despite all the disadvantages, if the miners had worked harder and had produced more. That, if everyone had tried his hardest, more could have been produced is, of course, true. There could have been less absenteeism than there was, no official strikes, and harder or more effective work. It is not, however, surprising that settling down to new conditions of employment involved some strikes in such an industry as mining; nor should it be overlooked that quite a number of the strikes were among supervisory grades and other groups which have been not at all apt to strike in the past, nor that strikes were fewest in some of the areas with the greatest past record of labour troubles—e.g., South Wales. The strikes were part of the friction of changing over: it will be much more serious if they recur in future years. Absenteeism did decrease, though not enough; output did increase, but not enough either. It is important to ask why.

Most miners, we believe, will agree that more coal could be got, even with the mines in the bad condition in which most of them are. But they would say that the blame for not getting more cannot be put on them alone, or even mainly. They would argue that a good many mine managers, unsure of their position under the new regime and fearful of losing their working force or of provoking trouble, have relaxed colliery discipline and allowed organisation at every level to get slack. They would admit that, where this has happened, the working miners have accepted the situation, and gone slack themselves. This, of course, has not occurred at every colliery, or at the majority, or the position would be much worse; but it has occurred in enough cases to react seriously on total output. A colliery is much more liable than a factory to have its entire tone affected by any slackening on the manager's part, because pit conditions render detailed supervision impracticable, and in the main require that the individual working groups must be left to discipline themselves. Overmen and deputies, working in the pits under conditions of common danger and comradeship, are almost of necessity more at one with the miners than foremen and supervisors in factories. A spirit of enthusiasm, or of slackness, pervades the whole concern.

The most obvious moral is that nothing must be done under public ownership either to undermine the authority of the mine manager or to encourage him to believe that the best way of avoiding trouble is to relax his efforts and allow matters to take their course. Such things are disastrous; and they are not even the way to avoid trouble. The miners themselves are the first to understand the necessity of upholding the manager's authority, provided that he exerts it reasonably. The difficulty is that neither men nor managers yet quite know where they are with the new set-up. This applies especially to the managers, on whom the main responsibility must rest. They have been used to a state of affairs that made them responsible for output to the owner, and to no one else. During the war years they suffered under a system of divided responsibility which never worked—or could work—well; and many of them then, well before nationalisation, fell into the attitude which is at the root of the trouble now. Then they blamed the State for undermining their authority: now, many are inclined to blame the N.U.M., and to regard the miners as the new, interfering masters whom they are not in a position to control.

This attitude, however natural, is all wrong. The power of the miners is a fact, arising not mainly out of nationalisation, but out of the acute shortage of miners. The manager has to adapt himself to it, but not by shrugging his shoulders and leaving matters to take their course. He has to learn a new technique of consultation, of carrying the miners along with him, and he has to persuade all his assistants to learn that technique too. It consists, not in giving way, but in persuading—in giving no order that involves an innovation without a *prior* attempt to show reason for it and to meet the objections raised. The more the manager goes slack, and gives way, or does nothing, instead of consulting and arguing, the more the men will seek to impose on him and the less will they exert themselves; and this is true even more of all the lesser pit officials through whom the manager's orders have to be translated into deeds. Consultation, far from being inconsistent with discipline, is the way to maintain it when it can no longer be enforced in the old autocratic fashion.

Of course, many mine managers know all this perfectly well, and are acting in the spirit of it. That is largely why some mines have such excellent records to put beside the failure of others. The moral for the N.C.B. is that it must put its shirt on the mine manager in trying to get high immediate output. If it does, far from finding the miners against it, it will have their support whenever the managers act in the right spirit.

There is, however, the question of reorganisation to be considered as well. Here too the manager is a vitally important person whenever it i a question of reorganising a single pit. He need outside help in planning the reorganisation; an that is bound to be a matter for the Board's en gineers, with the Divisional Board or, in the la resort, the N.C.B. itself deciding any major con troversial issue. When it is a question of closin pits, or of amalgamating them into larger units the individual managers cannot have the mai say. This must rest with the Production Officer responsible for planning reorganisation at th Area (or, in cases of doubt, the Divisional or th National) Board. But, even so, the manager' knowledge is a vital factor. So far, reorganisatio has hardly been able to advance at all beyond th individual pit—partly because of shortages o equipment and partly because of the pressure fo immediate output. When it can be tackled ov a wider field, the risk of trouble with the miner at the threatened collieries will obviously b greater than it is now; but there is little doub that most miners individually, as well as th N.U.M. collectively, accept the need for drasti reorganisation, and will be prepared to help it o provided that there is the fullest advance consul tation *at the collieries affected* as well as at highe levels. This will not be the case if the men direct threatened by the changes are simply told tha agreement has been reached at higher levels, with out having been fully consulted themselves an given every chance to talk things over, to ad vance objections, and to have them fairly met.

We have revived these issues, not because w think the N.C.B. is doing badly on the whole—o the contrary, we think its Report shows that i is doing in most respects well—but because s vital an experiment in the public control of indus try deserves the closest sympathetic scrutiny. N Socialist, we suppose, thinks that the problem o controlling socialised industries has been alread solved, or can be solved in a year. The solutio cannot be *static*: there is no reason for supposin that what is the best practicable form of organ sation will still be best in five or ten years' tim The democratic ideal requires that in socialise services the State shall advance as swiftly as i can towards the development of internal demo racy—at first, in the form of full consultation an even-handed justice and then in the form of mo positive delegation of responsibility and contro The pace, however, of this further advance mus depend on the response of those occupied in th industry to the requirement of a new spirit o public service; and that spirit cannot grow i full stature at once, above all in an industry wit so bad a record of labour relations as coal-minin About the means of fostering the new spir there is much more to be said than we have spac to say here. What we insist on, in this brie article, is that the right way is *not*, by slackne to seek to placate the worse part of the miner but rather by consultation combined with firm ness to seek to enlist their support *in each indi vidual pit*. That is why the behaviour of th mine manager is the real key to the problem.

A LONDON DIARY

Putting together bits and pieces of informatio gleaned from various quarters on both sides of th Iron Curtain, I have been trying to form a clear picture of what happened at the Bukarest meetin of the Cominform and why it was decided to was so much dirty Communist linen in public. It not an easy task, and I am still not sure that know all the answers. The members of the In formation Bureau are not given to "leakages" and the whole issue between the Cominform an the Yugoslav Communist Party, or rather th leadership, is in some ways so esoteric as to b beyond the comprehension of a simple Weste Socialist like myself. One or two facts, however do seem to be beyond dispute. First, the con minatory resolution which the Russian delegatio had drafted in advance was accepted only aft many hours of hard, and at times acrimonious argument. The most vocal opposition seems have come from the Western Communists, To

atti and Duclos. They expressed the view that, the impression were created that the Cominrm was determined to impose a rigid sectarian attern *à la Russe* on the international develop-ent of Communism, the French and Italian arties would lose their freedom (which they con-dered to be essential) to pursue a flexible policy exploiting in their own way such political pportunities as might arise. Togliatti, in par-cular, appears to have voiced his fears that, if joined in the excommunication of the Yugo-av leader and if the Yugoslav Party remained yal to Tito, the position of Italian Communists endered difficult enough by the question of rieste—would become intolerable. The Bul-arians and Rumanians, I gather, also expressed isgivings about signing a resolution which might mplicate relations between their Governments d that of Yugoslavia. Indeed, the majority the Eastern delegates must have signed with uneasy feeling that they were making a prece-nt which could be turned against themselves.

* * *

On the other hand, I am pretty sure that it ould be wrong to suppose that this is going to ad, throughout the Eastern bloc, to a split be-ween those who are nationalists first, Com-unists second, and those who are disposed to cept unquestioningly a Moscow-drawn party ne. Had the drafting really been a collective re-ponsibility, there is little doubt that the wording ould have been different. For example, neither e Poles nor the Hungarians, left to themselves, ould have asserted their right to criticise Yugo-avia for failure to prepare the ground for the llectivisation of agriculture; and the bitterness much of the language of the Bukarest resolu-on certainly reflects purely Russian displeasure the freedom with which Marshal Tito and his utenants appear to have complained of the lack adequate Russian support for Yugoslav claims frontier revision in Carinthia. The view, how-er, seems to have been fairly general in all the legations that there was a real danger of the ugoslav National Front developing on danger-sly Bonapartist lines—a danger aggravated by e Yugoslav Party's failure so far to organise a stem of election to party offices. But the com-elling argument, I am told, was that Yugoslavia, ith its exuberant self-confidence, not to say gressive independence, was indulging in "in-ntile Leftism" of a perilous sort. That is, it as proclaiming that it had outrun all its neigh-urs in the speed with which it was establishing Communist State, but was embarking on pro-cts launched with too little consideration to the stern European economic plan as a whole.

* * *

H. W. Nevison once wrote a review of *Pickwick pers*, treating it as a new publication by an un-own, but promising author. He told me that e received I don't know how many letters from traged readers reviling him and his editor for eir ignorance and supplying details of the birth, reer and death of Charles Dickens. "Irony," id Nevinson, "is too dangerous for use on the itish public." This incident came to my mind hen a very solemn and censorious letter reached is office dissenting strongly from the in-rpretation of *Through the Looking Glass* that peared in this journal last week. The writer of e letter assures us that the author of the Alice oks was "a mathematical don with a keen sense humour," who was not foreseeing the future of e Labour Party, but hoping to amuse children d at the same time to "pin-point and expose" rrent fallacies. Remembering the case of Defoe o was sent to the pillory on account of a similar sunderstanding—I hasten to explain that Mr. rvey Webb's delightful article on *Through The oking Glass* was not intended as a scientific atise. Defoe, it will be recalled, outraged both ries and the Whigs by his pamphlet on *The ortest Way with the Dissenters*. I realise that e lovers of Lewis Carroll are not likely to be re tolerant with any ribaldry about their hero n the 18th-century Dissenters who hounded foe to the pillory.

I asked a friend who once worked with R. D. Blumenfeld and had known him well for many years what manner of man he was. "He was an excellent fellow," said my friend. "I should describe him as a good old pirate. He was an astute and accomplished journalist who did well, first by the *Daily Mail*, then, for thirty years, by the *Daily Express*. He belonged to no country; his father was originally a German refugee and he always hated the Germans who had exiled his father. He was himself born in America and began life in a Chicago newspaper office. He had no convictions or principles or loyalties. A fine old pirate, that's what I should call him." "Did he get on with Beaverbrook?" I asked. "Well, no," said my friend. "I can't say he did. That was his cross."

* * *

The only smudge on the enjoyment of the small dinner, given to Margery Fry, in the House of Commons last Monday, was the doubt whether the Criminal Justice Bill, whose safe passage we hoped incidentally to celebrate, will be seriously mangled or even destroyed by the House of Lords. Mr. Chuter Ede, as Home Secretary, and Lord Templewood, as the Home Secretary who in 1939 would have steered a similar Bill on to the Statute Book if the war had not intervened, both testified that no one had done so much for penal reform during the last thirty years as Miss Fry. It was a very good occasion; organised by a few of Miss Fry's innumerable friends who had worked with her on penal reform, on China and education. I wish a shorthand note had been taken of her own speech. She described in terms both witty and precise the process of growing old, the strange sensation of discovering gradually that the one lesson successfully instilled into one in childhood—that one is young—is untrue. She touched on one public point that is not generally appreciated. In the Home Office great improvements have been made possible because outside bodies of voluntary workers, like the Howard League, have been allowed to work closely with officials, thus overcoming the danger of bureaucracy, on the one hand, and of ill-informed enthusiasm, on the other. Here is a really important element in democracy. The practice, she said, was not confined to the Home Office, but she had not noticed that it had been adopted in the Foreign Office.

* * *

The Postmaster-General of Israel came here to discuss with the G.P.O. the resumption of postal communications which were stopped on May 15th. Many other countries, including some which do not yet formally recognise Israel, had resumed joint postal services, but an Englishman writing to a friend in Palestine had to post his letter via Paris. All went well with the arrangements between the two Postmaster-Generals until the problem arose of drafting a communiqué announcing the agreement. The Foreign Office intervened. With whom had Britain resumed postal communications? Not with Israel, whose existence we do not recognise. After a fortnight, I am told, it was decided that Britain was now again in postal communication with Tel-Aviv, Haifa, and 233 other post offices in that part of the world called Israel.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

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I am informed by a correspondent that there are fields in the neighbourhood of Epsom still known as "Crinkham Crankhams," and as "Bincum Bancum" is, of course, Francus Bancus or Free Bench, the whole matter is quite clear.—Letter in *Sunday Times*. (Joan Riviere.)

A Liberal undertaker writes: "I cannot get Tories to give me any money for the Liberal Party whilst they are alive, so I am adding £1 on to their funeral expenses."—*Liberal News*. (A. Austin.)

Much as I and many other listeners resent the B.B.C.'s present pro-Russian and anti-British policy, it was not my intention to describe the British Broadcasting Corporation as a whole as "our Soviet fifth-column."—Letter to *The Recorder*. (Terence Watson.)

From Olympia one instance is mentioned of negotiations to supply Switzerland with a thousand clocks; and a Birmingham firm sold nearly £5,000 worth of refrigerators to Iceland. Which shows just what can be done.—*Bulletin*, Islington Chamber of Commerce. (E. Duschinsky.)

"I think this has been caused by something that upset him," he added. "Somebody took a pair of shoes from his house and the old gentleman was heartbroken. He went out to buy a toy mouth organ to play to kill his time. It upset him that much."—*Daily Telegraph*. (Louis Walters.)

Life in Britain under Communism would mean no cricket at Lord's and no football at Highbury, Fulham or Brentford, says the Rev. R. M. Pitt, Vicar of St. Lawrence's Church, Brentford.—*Star*. (Miss M. Seligmann.)

For 400 years the Romans occupied Britain and left us the Roman tolerance of which England is justly proud. That it failed to reach Wales is a calamity, and certainly demonstrated in Mr. Bevan's handling of both medical and dental professions.—Letter in *Observer*. (W. Pelz.)

O WORLD INVISIBLE!

"We must see our standards don't get worse . . . we must greet the unseen with a cheer."—Sir Stafford Cripps on Marshall Aid, July 9th.

AWAY with dark doubt and misgiving!
We are putting our hands to the plough;
We will keep up our standard of living
By the sweat of America's brow;
Economic salvation will come to the nation,
But only Sir Stafford knows how.

With "Work while you ERP" on our banners,
We'll greet the unseen with a cheer,
The plan is unseen by the planners
But the first-aid instalment is here;
Disbursements abstemious from want will redeem us,
Though how, still remains far from clear.

Unbounded resources Imperial
May not, all at once, be enjoyed;
Through shortage of basic material
Some labour may be unemployed,
Economies sweeping the nation's Housekeeping
We will somehow or other avoid.

The Marshall Aid long-term objective
A programme for Europe includes,
With mutual measures, effective
For earning our own livelihoods;
We can build, as we borrow, the trade of to-morrow,
By exchanging of identical goods.

The Marshall assistance is annual,
Our coffers it may not refill.
Our shortage of labour is manual
(Though we have a redundance of skill)
But we'll weather our troubles as export redoubles,
We don't know quite how, but we will.

The unseen obedient/ cheering,
We find visibility low,
In the mists of futurity peering
We wait to be told where to go—
What looms in the distance after Marshall assistance,
Sir Stafford and God only know.

The aid of the long-unseen dollar
A short-term reprieve will allow
From insolvency, shortage and squalor,
Which are long-term contingencies now;
By cheers, and exporting, we'll become self-supporting—
Only God and Sir Stafford know how.

SAGITTARIUS

TRUMAN ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES

Philadelphia, July 15.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S stock rose at the Democratic Convention here. Perhaps this was because it was already so low that it could not go any lower. The Convention met in a sullen mood of defeatism. The bizarre trappings of victory that are traditional at these rites made the situation seem all the more unreal. Everyone knew that the leaders had been trying desperately to ditch Truman and make him the scapegoat of all the party's ills. But they had failed to draft Eisenhower, and so the people who had been ready to knife him had to embrace him instead. It was a grim prospect, of going through four days of Convention make-believe, with all the customary war-whoops and exuberance of an American political rally failing to hide the grisly reality. It would have been like a gavotte with a corpse. Fortunately it didn't turn out that way.

There were two main reasons for this. Each was associated with a dramatic scene on the immense floor of the Convention hall. In the first place the myth of party unity was just too preposterous to sustain. After three days of pretence an explosion came on the civil rights issue that cleared the air. True, after the explosion certain of the company were missing. Some of the Southern delegates had bolted. But it is commonly agreed that the long-smouldering controversy had to flare up sooner or later. As the situation stands, the majority of the Democratic party has defied the South for the first time since the Civil War.

In the second place Mr. Truman came in person to the Convention, where he had so many enemies pretending to be friends, and showed himself the sturdy little fighter he is. In many ways Mr. Truman is commonplace and mediocre. But though he has wobbled in judgment a good deal in the past three years, he has never wavered in spirit. To-day Mr. Truman's obstinate and muddle-headed insistence that he is not really defeated is upsetting a lot of people, particularly Republicans, and it is also affecting the betting odds. It is still agreed that his defeat is almost inevitable, but the impression grows that he has been discounted too far and that before it is over the Republicans may know they have been in a fight.

This is important because the ratio of party strength in Congress is involved as well as the presidency. If Mr. Truman makes a stronger race than is expected, it will help keep a firm internationalist Democratic opposition in the legislature. This is vital in the House of Representatives, which holds the American Government's purse strings and, as everybody knows, has just tried to slash Marshall Plan funds by $2 billions.

The issue of civil rights came to an electrifying vote on the Convention floor after everybody had given the meeting up as a bad job. One has to picture the scene to understand the effect. The hall is a great stream-lined affair holding 17,000 seats. People cluster in the balconies like masses of swarming bees. The heat is just below the limit of human endurance. The crowd's senses are battered hour after hour by florid, stentorian speeches, whose hypocrisy is often manifest, amplified by great loud-speakers. Spotlights bore through the steaming air, raising the temperature like live wires.

Correspondents have stressed the bizarre quality of this scene. Hope of democratic action seems barred by the chaotic giganticism. But it is the puzzling fact of some American institutions that just when they are given up as a sorry mess by outsiders they often come to life and operate very effectively. So it happened at this torpid, sweltering Convention. There are some 2,000 delegates and alternates. When they heard a compromise measure offered on the bitter civil rights issue most assumed that the leaders would cover up another angry problem with a fine web of words.

Back in February Mr. Truman sent Congress a 10-point programme designed to ameliorate the position of Negroes in social, economic and political fields. It was a courageous act. The Southern States promptly took offence. Already they had sensed impending defeat in November. They proposed to replace Mr. Truman with another standard-bearer. This move failed as a similar move from other sections of the party failed. Mr. Truman seems to have alienated most factions of his party at one time or another, and the Wallaceites have actually quit.

In a desperate effort to heal or cover over the civil rights' breach, the Democratic platform committee composed a watered-down plank filled with generalities. But the obstinacy of the Southerners opened the way for their own defeat. They opposed the compromise as too liberal and offered a substitute of their own. This was defeated, 925 to 309. This gave a chance for a similar roll-call vote for an alternative plank drafted by the liberal wing. This specifically praised Mr. Truman's 10-point programme and spelled out in detail some of the goals sought. Southerners threatened to bolt if it were adopted. The "safe" men all urged its defeat. They feared the loss of party harmony, which existed only in pretence anyway.

A breath-taking roll-call by States followed. "Alabama-a!" cried the clerk. "Alabama casts 26 votes 'Nay,'" came the voice from the floor microphone. Victory teetered from one side to another. As reporters added up their totals in the fœtid air and discovered that, for the first time in party history, the majority had defied the Southerners, a great shout went up. The vote was 651½ to 582½. Some of the Southerners stalked out waving Confederate flags.

What the consequences are it is hard to say. For the Negroes it is more symbolic than practical. It is a statement of goals not immediate steps. The vote of seceding Southerners dramatises a deep schism in the party. But it also shows a reservoir of vitality among the supposedly moribund Democrats that surprised many.

For the Convention itself it was like a charge of electricity through a torpid limb. Here at last they were meeting, not ducking, a big issue, and deciding it on principle, not expediency.

For the historians, finally, the incident marks another step in the gradual recognition of Negroes' rights. This forward movement seems painfully slow, particularly to outsiders, but there can be no doubt of the direction or of the real progress that has been achieved.

The other big scene was the arrival of Truman on the Convention floor and his fighting speech at two in the morning. The presidential candidate is not supposed to appear until after the nomination battle is over, and this battle took a long time due to Southern opposition and unconscionably long speeches. Incidentally, the delay threw away a potential radio audience of millions that might have listened to Truman. A few statistics about this night speech help give an idea of what party conventions are. I came to this hall on the final day of the Convention at 11 a.m. With one interval of an hour and a half the proceedings lasted to 2.15 a.m. For all the latter part of the affair the 15,000 spectators' seats were jammed. It is estimated that at times as many as 60,000,000 people have listened to these procedings by radio. The new television circuit on the east coast now brings a visual image to millions of those who hear it. A contest that can keep a vast audience in a hot hall from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. to hear the nomination of a presidential candidate who is probably defeated anyway shows the degree to which political interest has now gripped the United States.

Why do the Democrats face this defeat, which nearly everyone predicts? In 1932 Hoover's defeat was inevitable because there were 15,000,000 unemployed and the national economy was shaking like a reed in the wind. But to-day, with Truman, America has peak prosperity. There are 61,000,000 employed and a tremendous boom. Corporation profits, after taxes, were $17 billions last year.

In part it is this very prosperity that ha destroyed the Democrats. They are traditionall the party of change, while the conservative Re publicans have the reputation of not "rocking th boat." When farmers are prosperous they no mally vote Republican. But there is a lot mo than this. Mr. Truman is not a very inspirin leader. Then, too, the four divergent elemen of the party—the South, the trade unions, th city bosses and the New Dealers—have been shu up together in close company too long. They a all feuding among themselves. Finally, there the biggest factor of all, that 16 years is a lo time for any party to stay in office. Grievance accumulate, the leadership tends to grow fat an flabby. Mr. Truman has an obstacle to overcom beside the Wallace seceders on the Left and th Southern bolters on the Right: a deep, wide spread feeling that "it is time for a change."

Before Mr. Truman arrived on the scene person, Democratic politicians had tacitly acknow ledged defeat by picking Barkley for his running mate. Mr. Truman had wanted a young, vigorou campaigner to help carry the arduous fight. H tried to get Mr. Justice Douglas, of the Supre Court, a liberal, to join him. The latter reject the invitation. Convention leaders thereupon to the matter out of Mr. Truman's hands an nominated Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Ken tucky, party leader in the upper chamber. Eve while spokesmen were declaring the accent w on "Youth" they were picking Mr. Barkley, wh will be 71 in November.

The Senator is a genially massive figure. H is a staunch internationalist and has genuine mor stature. He comes from a border state and th Southerners have confidence in him. On th Senate floor Mr. Barkley is able and vigorou He has been more distinguished for carrying ou programmes of others than of formulating mea ures of his own. The men who picked him the Convention acted as though they were selec ing a trustee for a receivership. Indeed, that w their idea. If the party goes down to defeat, M Barkley will for all practical purposes be th minority leader, a trustee of integrity and loyalt He will be at the centre of Democratic opposition which will almost certainly be in the Senate.

But Mr. Truman is not thinking of party r ceiverships at all. He made a confident, fightin speech when he once got to the Convention floo It was among the most effective of his caree The President can be very dull indeed when h reads from a prepared manuscript. But he h been developing a new technique. He uses pap of rather elaborate notes and clothes them in h own direct and colloquial phrases as he goes alon He practised the method on his recent transco tinental trip, and I can testify to its success.

Mr. Truman made a slashing attack on th record of the Republican Congress, and th audience was surprised and delighted. The reco is, indeed, very vulnerable on domestic affair while in the international field Mr. Trum boldly denounced the Republican attempt to c E.R.P. funds.

The climax of the address was the announc ment that Truman will summon back Congre in a special session, July 26, to complete som of its unfinished work, notably housing legisl tion. This is a shrewd and daring blow. T fact is that Mr. Truman would rather run again Congress than against his adversaries, Dewey a Warren. The latter privately disagree with som of the reactionary things their own party h done, or failed to do. By this step Mr. Trum isolates them for the time being, and carries h his feud with the more vulnerable Republic Congress. The Republican Convention th nominated Dewey wrote a party platform with set of very lofty promises of proposed legislatio Mr. Truman now, in effect, asks them to live t to their pledges or eat their words.

There is another Truman advantage in t step. The Democrats don't have much mon while the Republicans are affluent and can b advertising and radio time to their heart's conte But by centring the debate right in Washingt Mr. Truman ensures equal attention at no c

ense, and under circumstances where vast free ublicity is guaranteed.

Nothing quite like this manœuvre has ever een seen before in American politics. Usually ongress doesn't meet during an election. No-ody can foretell the results. It is not even cer-in a quorum can be obtained. An international risis would complicate affairs. Then again, the Democratic Southerners are making trouble for Truman. Republicans will doubtless bring in a ivil rights plank and the Southern Democrats ay filibuster against it in the Senate, blocking ll other legislation.

With these drawbacks, however, a man of the resence, imagination and skill of Roosevelt could robably make the Republicans look silly in a eek. Mr. Truman lacks these gifts. But he has et the stage for what should be a very lively fight nd I think he will give the Republicans some ad moments before he is through.

RICHARD STROUT

MALAYAN TRAGEDY

[In the following article a Singapore correspondent resents a picture of the Malayan situation as it may easonably appear to a British resident.]

THE Malayan clock has been pulled back with sickening whirr. The enlightened British lements in the country—still outnumbered but ore numerous than generally realised at home—ere talking hopefully of a model self-governing ate ten years hence. So much had been accom-lished after three and a half years of occupation, witness the staggeringly good health figures. ut progress died with the three British planters Sungei Siput, leaving locked and deserted ade union offices from one end of the Federation the other. The late Sir Edward Gent, who was humane High Commissioner much liked by the olitically conscious "common folk," was re-alled to whoops of joy from the ranks of action.

When the Japanese surrendered, the Malayan eople's Anti-Japanese Army had 3,500 fully-rmed and trained Chinese Communist guerillas the jungles, and as many more trained reserves. ord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Com-ander in South-East Asia, ordered them to be upplied from the air and, during the liberation, elcomed them as allies. For this he is now vili-ed in every "white" club in Malaya. The nemy driven out, the guerillas marched through any towns proclaiming the independence of Malaya as a workers' republic in which there ould be no distinction between the Chinese and ndian immigrant labouring classes and the ndigenous Malay peasantry.

The Communists, while keeping their central ommand underground, did not persist in their emand for immediate independence. They were ontent to await the inevitable British blunders. here were fewer than expected and, after the isastrous Malayan Union plan had been sunk ithout trace, there were signs that the subsequent w constitutions would be the thin end of the ogressive wedge. Discontent with the inade-uate rice ration was largely nullified by a split the coalition of Left-wing parties. The Malayan emocratic Union—now self-dissolved—lost ound after the Singapore elections, which they ycotted; the rebel Malay Nationalist Party gan tentative approaches to rejoin the middle-the-road United Malay Nationalist Organisa-n; the Malayan Indian Congress was hit by uension. Meanwhile, the workers' conditions re slowly improving as the trade unions—der the guiding hands of Gent and Malcolm acDonald—progressed along British lines. rade unionists, it was announced, would be nt to the United Kingdom to study such wonders the T. & G.W.U. Stalwart trade unionists in ritain were being considered for posts as labour visers in Malaya.

The Malayan Communist Party decided to while it could. Ex-members of the MPAJA re called to the still secret jungle hideouts, here piles of British and Japanese arms had been pt ready for such an emergency. Chinese Communist reinforcements trickled across the Siamese border. Then, at the beginning of May, the Communists whipped up a fresh squall of labour demands on the estates, in the mines and at the docks. Besides higher wages there were demands for guarantees that workers on estates should not be dismissed except with the consent of the unions, and that planters and contractors not acceptable to the unions be themselves dismissed. There were dock strikes at Singapore and Port Swettenham, both of which failed.

The employers resisted and the Communist violence began. When strikers showed signs of wavering there were threats, assaults, arson and, finally, murder. Labourers on Jementah Estate, Johore, took over the plantation themselves and began to run it on collective lines. Police and troops were called in, and catastrophe occurred. The forces of the law met a hostile reception and had to leave. Next day 100 returned with a magistrate. From 150 to 200 labourers, armed with spade handles, self-made spears and axes, massed sullenly and ignored the magistrate's order to disperse. They began to shout threats. The police charged and their clubs killed eight workers. No policeman was hurt. At the subsequent inquest it was revealed that the police "did not know how much force is needed to kill a man with a club."

Following this, the Communists and their supporters stepped up their war. Murders and burning rubber smokehouses became almost commonplace. In retaliation, Communist-inclined trade union leaders were arrested and union offices ransacked for seditious documents. This brought a revealing article in the *Malay Communist Review* for June. It read:

> Since the beginning of April, raids on trade union premises, armed suppression of strikes, mass evictions, mass arrests, imprisonment and illegal beatings of strikers have become the order of the day in Singapore and the Federation. It must be pointed out with special emphasis that all these have taken place after Mr. Bevin crowned his ignominious career with the signing of the notorious Benelux agreement [*sic*]. The primary object of this agreement is to preserve the ramshackle empires of the west European Powers. Thus the onslaught on the trade union movement is not accidental. It is obviously a premeditated move on the part of the Government.

Eventually, the Federation Government banned the Pan-Malayan Federation of Trade Unions and its affiliated State and Settlement federations. Altogether, 125,000 people were affected. The Communist campaign by this time had spread to cover the Kuomintang elements in Malaya. Village leaders were hauled from their houses and shot down. A sinister outcome was a move by the Nanking Government to request the arming of all Kuomintang members in the trouble areas. Malaya's drastic emergency powers—in some areas the death penalty can be imposed for possessing firecrackers—were greeted with loud rejoicing by the old guard and with sorrowful approval by the crop of newcomers from a Socialist Britain. The former, out to get Gent, the man who recommended income-tax, made great play of the fact that he had last year resisted the mass banishment of "undesirables," requested by the police; that even with the planters seething with anger over the murder of three of their number, he still insisted that the emergency powers should only be introduced by the full Legislative Council of the Federation. But it was obvious to everyone that the Communist challenge had caught Sir Edward woefully unprepared.

The fighting so far has been almost entirely a series of Communist victories, due mainly to their excellent fifth column in the towns, their wartime experience in jungle fighting and the paralysing fear of the villagers who refuse the least co-operation with the police. Time after time the Communists have cycled, or even walked, into villages with their tommy and sten guns at the ready, riddled some unhappy victim, warned the onlookers of the dire consequences of betrayal, and left as deliberately as they came. Police patrols seeking information have been met with a blank wall of refusal. "From where did they come?"—"I do not know." "Where did they go?"—"I did not see." "How many were there?"—"I did not count." Even when the guerillas have been sighted they have seldom been brought to battle. The jungles are dense and the Communists have eluded more dangerous foes than the Malayan police.

What of the future? Possibly a long drawn-out costly campaign with all the savageries of political and racial warfare (the police are mainly Malays, many with a hearty detestation of the Chinese and Indians) ending at last with a triumphant Occupying Power determined to prevent another insurrection. Possibly the disorganisation of Britain's most vital dollar-earning areas, with the complete subjugation of all progressive elements, perhaps under a Tory Colonial Office. The odds are on the former. But, says the *Straits Times*—apostle of enlightenment in Malaya: "The only radical and permanent answer to Communism is not to ban its political organisations but to build up a social and economic order that will be impregnable to the Communist creed."

That this is still a distant prospect is shown by the recent report of the court of inquiry into the Port Swettenham strike.

> "It would appear," it said, "that the whole question of the supply, management and welfare of the labour is regarded by the Railway Authority as delegated entirely to the contractor. At the port there are no proper provisions in the way of latrines or washing facilities and the supply of drinking water is inadequate. The bulk of the labour is housed at its own expense in insanitary shacks in the town, rented from private landlords at exorbitant rents. There are no provisions for the welfare of labourers such as are required to be provided under the Labour Code for labourers on estates and in certain other places of employment."

THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS SHERWOOD

A WOMAN who, on the testimony of doctors, parents and friends, had given up her life to the care of defective children, was pronounced guilty by a British jury of "wilful neglect" of a small boy, "in a manner likely to cause him unnecessary suffering or injury to health." The question, what strange circumstances could have made possible so improbable a fact, gave dramatic shape to the closing stages of her trial last week in Hertford Quarter Sessions, which lasted for two days. The two sets of facts seemed hopelessly incompatible. Here on the one hand was Miss Georgina Eveline Sherwood, sixty, white-haired, dressed in seemly black, rather like an old-fashioned hospital matron. Twenty-one witnesses were called in her defence; some had come forward voluntarily, from distant places, to affirm what they knew about her "devotion," her "conscientiousness," her "kindheartedness." Doctors, not only local doctors but also child specialists and psychiatrists of national reputation, would "unhesitatingly recommend children to her care," and were still doing so. Not one parent had wished to remove a child from her fine-looking Private Home on Little Heath, near Potter's Bar, despite the unpleasant publicity surrounding the case. Tradesmen, who had delivered food and glimpsed the children at meals or at play, and independent persons interested in welfare, who had watched her work for a number of years, completed an impressive volume of evidence about her character and her record.

Yet the condition of the little boy, John Chapeau, at the time of his removal from Miss Sherwood's charge, was described as "frightful." Seven years old, he weighed only 28 lb., had a swollen abdomen, and a mass of small bruises. He could "hardly walk," he appeared "frightened." His mother "screamed" when she saw him undressed. The doctor who had helped him into the world described him as "desperately ill," and said he would have lived only another six weeks. Photographs taken by the N.S.P.C.C. and shown in court caused the ominous word

"Belsen" to be used. In hospital he rapidly regained weight, became "more cheerful and active," and has maintained this improvement.

In taking their stand—after an absence of ninety minutes—on these unrefuted facts, the all-male jury were obliged also to reject expert evidence given for the defence by Dr. Alfred Tredgold, eminent authority on mental deficiency, who thought that this was an instance of "breakdown of metabolism"; such as often occurs, he said, in mental defectives following changes of environment, and may produce medical results indistinguishable from starvation. If Dr. Tredgold was wrong, or at least not right enough, as the jury concluded he was, then what strange human situation lay behind the complicated façade of fact and counter-fact? As Miss Sherwood rose from the hard chair of the dock, in which she had sat for fifteen hours Teutonically upright and motionless between two female warders, glances, worried and baffled, were directed to her from all sides of a crowded court. This was still the woman who, fortnight by fortnight, had written to Mrs. Chapeau letters affectionately describing the progress of the "Little Colonel," as she called John; and whose bearing and record made inconceivable any notion that she might be a cruel hypocrite, quite apart from the fact that she had everything to lose, reputation as well as livelihood, and nothing to gain by the "wilful neglect" alleged against her.

One thing which came to light under cross-examination was the appalling inadequacy of her medical arrangements. Her home, "Kerdistone," was not registered with the Board of Control. With eight children under her care, she possessed no scales, and kept no medical records of any sort. The doctor, who called once a month, called "as a friend." In practice, this meant that he did not look at any child unless Miss Sherwood specifically asked him to. The question of medical responsibility, whether his or hers, had never been defined.

"As a friend." Miss Sherwood herself told me that she thought children were "fussed" by medical examinations; they had had enough of all that, and what they needed was "something different." She would insist on keeping a child for at least a year, and would not allow visits from relatives more than once in three months. She must have some time to "sum up a child," to estimate his "teachability"; and to allow him to become accustomed to a different yet "natural" home, which would include what she called "a certain amount of discipline."

Devoted as she was to the welfare of the children, yet her views on what constituted welfare were strictly fixed, not supported or checked by medical knowledge, and intolerant of outside interference. And they were old-fashioned views. Once a governess in an aristocratic family, Miss Sherwood was burdened by a belief that even defective children should grow into little ladies and gentlemen, that they should learn to say their prayers and graces properly, even if they could say little else; that they should not be allowed to continue in face-twitches, breaking of toys, or other tiresome habits. Parents were delighted with "improvements in behaviour," which she had produced. Miss Sherwood had "made something," they felt, of children whom no one besides her would have been willing to accept.

There emerges the picture of a person devoted, who may have erred tragically through her very devotion. In ten years, it was said, she "never once left the children"; she hardly ever went out; and had lavished her own sort of care, which included buying him trousers out of her own pocket (out of a year's profit of just £265), on the little boy who was wasting under her eyes. Her vocation seemed so much more important than Cod Liver Oil or Milk Certificates. It was a bias towards the care of the helpless. Partly trained as a nurse, she had at different times worked in a Hospital for Incurables, looked after a paralysed old woman, and rescued a friend suffering with a nervous collapse; she had nursed one little sick girl, a doctor's child, with tenderest love, was prostrated by the child's death, and started her present home inspired by that memory. Her absolute dominion over these children took its warrant from unshakeable confidence in herself. "I did my utmost for him," she said at the witness stand, while actually gazing at the terrible photograph. But she was not influenced by any critical equipment of modern ideas. It seems fair to say that there was a seed of morbidity in this situation, which could sprout to dangerous consequences; to the photograph, no less.

Until her trial there had been no one in a position to say to Miss Sherwood—"What are your medical arrangements?" Yet that is what the law requires. No one may take in more than one mentally defective child and receive fees without being granted a licence by the Board of Control. Records have to be kept of weight and diet, of variations in physical and mental condition; and the home visited periodically by a commissioner or medical inspector. Miss Sherwood's trial disclosed, in a most striking fashion, the need for enforcement of this law. In these matters devotion, of whatever calibre, is what Miss Cavell said of patriotism: it is not enough.

The dénouement seems the more tragic for her, when one reflects that it need never have occurred. Doctors, whose confidence was so great that they continued to recommend children to her without clearing up the legal-medical questions involved, seem to me to have some share of responsibility. Yet neither Miss Sherwood's past work nor her present hard fate will have been in vain, if they drew public attention to the problems of the care of mentally defective children. If what she called her "big, happy family" is broken up by the jury's verdict, then the members of it, ineducable by ordinary standards, will be returned to environments, in which the constant sense of inferiority to more normal children accentuates their defects; and these are only eight out of thousands, for whose care and training the law admits responsibility, but has as yet neither guardians nor accommodation. Mental deficiency affects, according to expert estimates, at least 1 per cent of our population. Nor are the Miss Sherwoods so common or so easily found, that we can afford to let them blunder into disaster.

GILES ROMILLY

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

THE B.B.C.'s feature programmes on aspects of industry present the critic with a special problem. Their intentions are admirable, their contents socially important, and the technical level of presentation generally high. Yet I cannot think that they are often listened to with delight or written with enthusiasm. Fundamental to their whole conception, I feel, is a fallacy; it was again manifest in the most recent feature of the kind, Mr. Joe Burroughs' *Coal Is Dug in the Dark*, a programme on recent experiments in the lighting of coal mines. For what struck one, as one listened for an hour to miners, engineers, lighting experts and the rest, was that the basic fact of the programme, that miners work in darkness, had been expressed once for all, with incomparable vividness and humour, in a single page of *Sons and Lovers*. "You live like th'mice," says Walter Morel, "an' you pop out at night to see what's going on . . . . Like a moudiwarp!" Now the point is not simply that Lawrence was a writer of genius; it is rather that in the context Walter Morel is describing the miner's blindness underground to an attractive young woman whom he has met at a Christmas party and with whom he is about to fall in love. We are interested in him because he is a man and only incidentally because he is a miner. But the characters of the industrial feature are seen only in terms of the work they do; their lives are limited to digging coal or pulling down important levers, and they are therefore the less men, and the less interesting. It is assumed that we can care passionately for human beings shorn of all their attributes except those which contribute to increased production and the success of the export drive. We cannot; and the information contained in *Coal Is Dug in the Dark* would have been more effectively presented in a straight talk.

With that memorable programme on bird-watching, *The Watchers Watched*, in mind, I looked forward eagerly to Mr. Potter's *The Botanist Botanised*. For once Mr. Potter failed us. Despite brilliant interludes, the general effect was perfunctory and scrappy, and it was a pity that some of the characters from the *How* programmes were allowed to wander into a script whose intention was not primarily satirical: I felt that Mr. Potter was relying too much on his old types, though these, in their proper place, are among my favourite radio creations. The programme was saved by a fine bravura performance by Mr. John Laurie. Mr. Richard Goolden impersonated the "little man" as only he can; though, for me, even Mr. Goolden's "little man" is one "little man" too many.

It is doubtful whether anything less suitable for broadcasting than the Japanese writer Ryunosuke Akutagawa's *San Sebastian* has ever been put on the air. An allegory in the form of a film script, *San Sebastian* might be rewarding to read, but broadcast to listeners ignorant of the author's Japanese background it was scarcely possible for it to be other than incomprehensible; the spate of images was such that after the first five minutes the mental eye was dazzled and could take in no more. Had one not known it was a translation from the Japanese and been assured that its theme was the clash between religion and politics, one would, I think, have put it down as the work of an imitator of Cocteau in the early 'twenties.

Mr. Middleton Murry's *The Poetic Character*, a dialogue between Coleridge and Keats, was a most distinguished programme. It reinforced my opinion that the "imaginary conversation" technique is the best vehicle for the discussion of the fundamentals of criticism that radio has yet given us. Mr. Murry caught the tones of Coleridge and Keats with uncanny accuracy, so that one had almost the illusion of eavesdropping on the poets, who were beautifully played by Mr. Carleton Hobbs, as Coleridge, and Mr. Anthony Jacobs, as Keats; while the conversation between them was first-rate interpretative criticism of the kind that Mr. Murray is so well equipped to give us, however great his reluctance to do so may have been in recent years.

WILLIAM SALTER

ROUND THE GALLERIES

THE Redfern Summer Exhibition maintains a high standard and contrives to give a fair conspectus of English painting, with a sprinkling of works from abroad. The early sensitive Matthew Smith of pears and the fine familiar Christopher Woods rub frames happily with Pasmore, Sutherland and Sickert. No new important work is shown unless it be the Francis Bacon which, during my visit, was being viewed with mixed interest, admiration and alarm. I liked Lynton Lamb's two landscapes (Nos. 138 and 142): and E. Bellingham Smith (No. 173) must surely be satisfied with *The Wild Orchard*, a beautiful version of an oft-repated subject. Keith Vaughan (No. 176) here and in a picture at St. George's Gallery shows that he has digested the influences which dominated him and is emerging as the outstanding member of his particular group.

Harold Gilman's work at the Lefèvre tells the story of the impact, on one of our most gifted painters, of the 1910 and 1913 Post-Impressionist shows. In the New English tradition are two charming early works, *Washing Day* and *The Twins*; *French Peasant*—1911, a little later—but for the blemish behind the head, is perhaps the best picture here. Then we see the deluge of colour, the forms built of blue, mauve, pink and green in almost unbroken patches. Nothing exhibited from this period quite equals the Tate's *Lady Drinking Tea*, but these gay, vital experiments dating from the first world war form a refreshing contrast to the muddy discretions of some Euston-Readers. The show should not be missed.

In "Artists of Fame and Promise" at the Leicester Galleries 182 pictures have been ingeniously hung

so that they do little injury to one another in spite of their diversity. *Family Group* (No. 110) by Mark Gertler (painted, the catalogue says, when he was 16) stands as something more than a reflection of Picasso's blue period and is distinguished by the placing of the figures and the elimination of unneeded detail: his little formalised hilly coast (No. 84) confirms an impression that he has been underrated. Several of the famous are well represented—Sickert (No. 86), Modigliani (No. 58), Vanessa Bell (No. 73), and Hodgkins (No. 111). The two newcomers I specially noticed are John Napper (No. 173) and André Bicât, with his novel treatment of an obviously English village scene (No. 99). Sir William Nicholson, working within the same low range of tones as his brother-in-law Pryde, has struck a note of magic in *The Old Kitchen, Blenheim* (No. 82). On the stone floor of the lofty hall small figures have unfurled a huge red curtain which they are perhaps to clean or mend. A gesture implicit in the presentation of this drapery, whether made by the figures in the picture or by the painter's brush or by the spectator's eye—or all three—seems mysteriously to epitomise the elegance of the scene.

Although a great artist must be acclaimed in big exhibitions like the recent display at Wildenstein's, it is in closer relationship to his friends that Vuillard most happily reveals his secrets. A small group of his choicest works is beautifully shown at the Hanover Gallery where the scale of the room harmonises perfectly with the paintings. Vuillard's statement is strong and firm, but hardly ever openly declared. His approach is oblique, the effect is built of hints and nuances. We must peer, attend, respond; and we are rewarded, not by understanding some profound aesthetic theory, but by learning of poetic beauties in the most humdrum places, so that our homes and the view through the window never look dull again. After the first excitement of the colour pattern we draw breath and then, glancing back, find that all the subject has fallen into place: what at first seemed a grey blotch is the top of a head, a figure sits in the shadow whom we never noticed at all: a whole world, with its relevant associations, but quickened by the artist's vision, has been added to the shapes we saw three minutes ago. For such an adventure *Restaurant* (No. 20) is recommended. After climbing about on the white swags among the pink background, the eye gently discovers the tables and guests, realistic in the half-light. It is easier in other pictures to see how each part shows off another to advantage, colours lighting their neighbours, forms pointing to echoes elsewhere. *La Ferme* (No. 13) is luminous through the interplay of dark tones, like a Sickert: in *La Place Vintimille* (No. 22) the repetition of the tree form in the clouds is obvious. All sorts of pictorial subtleties are hidden in the beautiful *Intérieur* (No. 23); diagonal lines guide to the illuminated central feature where, paradoxically for the farthest distance, each angle of room and furniture is precisely defined; and in this little group the exact tone of the strip of ceiling is crucial. Throughout his work Vuillard imparts to us only the delight he experienced through his observation. He avoids comment, protest, or any desire to alter what he sees. But he was so acutely responsive to the mood of his surroundings that when, in later life, success drew him reluctantly into the great world, he did not impose his good taste upon it or select its agreeable features in the manner of a man "who sees the best in everything." On the contrary, hot colours and a robust vulgarity emerge—for example in the portrait of Mme Popesco at Wildenstein's. However, in this and many other portraits, he dwells lovingly on the ornaments of a table or a chimney piece, fortifying himself with the company of friends when compelled to entertain a stranger. Vuillard's horror of noise and bombast were part of a refinement unusual in this century. "Il parle à voix basse comme il sied pour la confidence" wrote Gide of his pictures in 1905, "on se penche pour l'écouter."

EARDLEY KNOLLYS

THE THEATRE

The Repertory Festival, at the St. James's

The Bristol Old Vic.'s *Hamlet* brings to an end Mr. Basil Dean's Repertory Festival, in which four of the leading provincial repertories, Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, and now, Bristol, have shown their paces in London. It seems to me that a certain amount of cultural cant has been generated by these visits as if somewhere guilty consciences were stirring; but the Festival has surely been useful not so much to Culture as to some of the talented young producers, actors and actresses who have had their chance of being seen by London managements and agents. For, except perhaps in the case of Bristol, these visits have only confirmed what we already knew. Everyone in touch with the theatre knows already that Liverpool and Birmingham are our leading Repertories and that they have ever since the 1914 war been the nurseries of talent from which London has drawn off some of its leading names.

But from the point of view of the Theatre in general—if there is indeed such a point of view—the problem is really how to attract talent to the provinces, not how to bring it to London. These Repertories are, I suggest, debarred from playing the full part they are evidently capable of playing simply by being primarily nurseries. They lack the prestige which might tempt—as Bristol has tempted—good actors and actresses in the middle of their careers who are professionally in a position to be adventurous and to disregard for a space the lure of London success. Such is the comparative status of Liverpool and Birmingham that, quite apart from the money aspect, established actors could hardly afford to rusticate there for a season; but such is the prestige of the name, "Old Vic," attached to Bristol, that they can. Bristol in this season has the help of Mr. William Devlin and Miss Catherine Lacey, and the presence of these two experienced and accomplished artists in the cast not only lends an additional finish to the performances themselves but must as well be a very great help in the training of the young company. I do not at all wish to disparage the work of the older members of the other Repertories. Indeed no one would do so who had seen Miss Gladys Boot in Mr. John Fernald's brilliant *The Cherry Orchard* (Liverpool). But wouldn't everyone agree that it would be an excellent thing all round if Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield and Oxford somehow acquired the same prestige, so that they too could tempt to themselves, season by season, artists of the standing of Mr. Devlin and Miss Lacey?

I do not wish, either, to appear to be praising the Bristol Old Vic at the expense of other Repertories. Clearly Liverpool and Birmingham have a very high repertory standard and they have in Mr. John Fernald and Mr. Willard Stoker respectively as highly talented producers as Bristol have in Mr. Hugh Hunt. Any superiority of the production of *Hamlet* by Bristol results from its being able to command greater resources. The Procrustian fits which inevitably deface repertory performances are far less evident in this *Hamlet*, and the minor parts were as well if not better played than in the London Old Vic itself, while the middle roles, the Rosenkrantz, the Laertes and, notably, the Horatio, seemed to me to be on a higher standard than one often sees in London. I could not frankly say the same of the other companies (except perhaps Liverpool), though there is promising talent in all of them.

Then again, besides Mr. Devlin with his fine, vigorous, violent King and his splendid Ghost, Bristol are able to keep a young actor like Mr. Robert Eddison for their Hamlet, whereas he would indubitably long since have migrated from the other centres. Mr. Robert Eddison is a young actor with a future. He has a lovely voice which he manages with great skill and feeling, though it is not yet strong enough to fill the big parts adequately. He knows what he is doing and he is beginning to know how to do it. For

The fable of the well-dressed man

A Visitor from another land once exclaimed in admiration at the spartan way of life he found in a certain isle. 'Ah!' he cried, 'I fear you must despise the superior elegance of my attire!' His hosts discreetly forbore to point out that his suit had come from their own best tailors, his sword from their own armourers, his hat and boots from their native hatters and cordwainers. They wisely preferred things that way round.

Britain's best merchandise is the quality of her manufacture, which is still the envy of other nations. TI is busily selling British skill in the form of wrought light-alloys, precision steel tubes, bicycles, ski-sticks, electrical equipment and automobile parts. Every dollar which can be made that way is needed, and every softer coin.

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"The Beau Decca is going to make a lot of people happy, Fred,"

said Wilson, as I left him on his doorstep, after a most enjoyable evening of music. I thought a great deal about this remark, and the more I thought about it, the more the great significance of it penetrated my mind. The Beau Decca had thrilled us. We were both enraptured by its performance. We were naturally in excellent spirits and, indeed, very happy, for music has a message of well-being, of comfort, and it is inspiring, and we had had our fill. Wilson is a co-Director of mine, and particularly interested in all things musical, especially the gramophone, and therefore, like myself, truly critical.

Will you think about this remark of his, Readers? I put it in this manner to endeavour to bring home to you in this small space the *magic* of the Beau Decca. What a gramophone! It embodies the new light-weight pick-up, and has all the principles of the modern science of the gramophone in its make-up, and is housed in an attractive walnut case. It will give you pleasure: lasting pleasure. The cost £129; radio, £30-9-2 extra. How reasonable for such an amazing instrument. FRED SMITH.

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my taste his Hamlet is far too restless and fidgety too few contrasts, too much neurosis. But it is well thought out and consistent. There are two obvious defects which could be remedied, one easily, the other less so. The first is a mawkish make-up which over-emphasised the femininity (in his face only, not in the least in his movements or stance): so much so that I couldn't help feeling I was watching an over-animated illustration to *Eric, or Little by Little*. Secondly, for so talented and promising an actor Mr. Eddison moves simply shockingly. His gestures are good but from the waist down he gives the impression of being lumpy and clumsy; his exits being particularly unimpressive. Mr. Robert Helpmann's arrival on the straight stage has set us a new standard, and Mr. Eddison must really return to his ballet mistress or his fencing master, for this defect might well ruin one of our really promising young actors.

There is space only to recommend briefly *Too True To Be Good*, the second play to go into the Arts Festival. This topical extravaganza of 1931 hardly dates at all. If the opening is a little dim, it soon warms up. Mr. Esmé Percy has produced both the physical and the intellectual knock-about with a wealth of comic intention and Miss Lucie Mannheim proves herself a genuine comic actress. This may not be the best Shaw but it is quite good enough to be going on with.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"The Red Shoes," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

"I Remember Mama," at the Leicester Square

If the slight and charming *Ballerina* is excepted *The Red Shoes* gives us, in the cinema, our first real eye-ful of the ballet. That treasure-hunting pair Powell and Pressburger, have gone all out, with the enthusiasm which at different times has captured the Hebrides, Blimpery, Canterbury Cathedral, and a somewhat dubious other-world. This time they plunge into their subject with whole-hearted zest. Two stout commissionaires are holding the doors; a worried and decisive gentleman with a black tie shouts "Let 'em in"; then helter-skelter up the angular stairway they crash, the balletomanes, for a first night at Covent Garden, and in a twinkling every bench of the big gallery is filled. Whether that stampede occurs in real life I don't know, never having shared in it, but it takes us into the thick of a new world from which we do not emerge till two and a quarter hours later, replete but rather shaken.

Everything behind, on, and in front of the scenes has come our way in that time. A first night at Covent Garden, the market and the rehearsals next morning, the shouting matches that bring a new ballet up to scratch, the Continental tour, the Place de l'Opéra, the beautifully mirrored *coulisse*, bouquets, train journeys, Monte Carlo—the whole history of a new ballet worked up in three weeks from the bare idea to the opening performance—the ballet itself, *The Red Shoes*, given from start to finish with a freedom of space and action which the stage itself could not allow . . . And so on, and so on. Here is impressionist reporting of a high order, so intent on its matter that the "story" (that necessity which Messrs. Powell and Pressburger have felt so painfully before) only slowly creeps in. A young composer was there in the gallery at the beginning; a young dancer that same evening met the great impresario and caught his eye, though not with her dancing; the two youngsters fall in love; one writes the music for *The Red Shoes*, the other dances the leading role; and sooner or later the inflexible maestro will make them choose between leading their own lives and giving up everything for him. I won't give away the end.

Is the story enough? Yes, I think so. The dilemmas are real, and character develops in action: the young dancer, for example, begins to find her emotional life while she is dancing the role of Andersen's girl whose red shoes twinkle and twinkle and dance her to death. This twenty-minute ballet, with choreography by Helpmann and music by Brian Easdale, contains the theme of the whole film, and expressive at any rate it is. A remarkable conflux of talent has given us performances by Massine, Moira Shearer, and Helpmann. Sir Thomas Beecham (though not to the eye) conducts the Royal Philharmonic Society throughout.

Miss Moira Shearer, as the young dancer having her first success, dazzled with the prospect, and falling in love at the same time, gives an altogether ravishing performance. The camera makes the most of her beauty—her red hair, her smile, and her movements in dancing or walking—as indeed it does of everything else. Technicolor of an occasionally gaudy kind has been employed to obtain some lovely and striking effects. The whole film, indeed, is rich with a new behaviour of the camera, and at times the cutting takes one's breath away. After Mr. Easdale's score and Miss Shearer's heroine, there is Massine dancing and adding a sort of Harpo touch with his presence, and Mr. Anton Walbrook in a very incisive and able performance as the impresario. Does *The Red Shoes*, despite everything, seem a little too profuse, too loud and too long, too richly surfaced? I must confess that, in my general impression, it does. But these are the defects of vitality.

Clarence Day's *Life with Father*, that delightful mixture of farce and filial piety, has produced a whole literature of family lives, part novel, part biography; and *I Remember Mama* (novel, play, and now film) comes late in the list. It is far more sentimental than its forbear, harks back to the early motor-car, the Norwegian immigration, and discovers the inordinate pleasure of becoming American. Mama is a charmer; with Miss Irene Dunne playing the part, and subduing her fun artfully, she could hardly fail to be. The family worships her; she sells her old brooch to buy a graduation present for one daughter, and contrives to visit another in hospital, against regulations, by dressing up as a charwoman and washing corridors till she gets on all fours into the ward. Then, while the night sister is out of the room, she sings a lengthy lullaby.

Is this a bit too much? It certainly is; though Miss Dunne recovers without loss of face. But then the film has its own antidote in spanking fun. There's the three-in-one suburban hill where the family live near the top; there's Uncle Chris's car; there's Uncle Chris himself, with gammy leg, fireworks moustache, bristling eyebrows and an aggressive shout—Mr. Oscar Homolka, in fact. The eccentricity of the family—inherent in this kind of reminiscence—finds in him a lively exponent. *I Remember Mama* is little more than a series of sketches strung together, too sweet at times, too intentionally endearing in its fun, but possessed of a decided charm.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

AFTER THE DORIAN

READING her fortune from the rose she grieves:
"The trees that fill the forest might be friends."
And then she says: "My life, here now it ends."
The loving willows cover her with leaves.

Recall the fluted silence and the eaves
Of marble where the running figure bends
Forever and the lemon tree suspends
The bitter lemons and the light deceives.

The girls in white with garlands dance through time.
The gods of Greece are broken down for lime.
And now the moon and stars are falling fast.

The ravaged sibyl hangs herself in chains
Fortelling nothing to the Northern thanes.
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DUNSTAN THOMPSON

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Correspondence

HEALTH CENTRES

SIR,—It was indeed encouraging to see your comments on the documentary film, *The Centre*. Even more pressing is the case for Centres as envisaged by the New Scheme.

For the present, the National Health Service will need to be run as smoothly as possible without these Centres, but the more fully their uses and potentialities are understood by the public, the sooner we are likely to get them.

It may not be common knowledge, but the person who is most anxious to see Health Centres in action is the doctor's wife; the fact that official advice to patients *assumes* the facilities which the Centres are to provide makes her very anxious indeed.

Patients are told—individually, on each new Medical Card—that they should ring their doctor before 10 o'clock in the morning, if they need attention and feel unable to call at his surgery. Whatever the official view of the facilities for implementing this advice, the facts are as follows: most doctors have only one telephone and one telephonist. The telephonist is the person who is sufficiently devoted to drop whatever she may be doing at any hour, and to take the call; in nine cases out of ten, she is the doctor's wife. Before ten in the morning she will have had to provide the family breakfast, despatch the children to school, put the surgery in order and attend to a number of domestic jobs which will not wait; in addition, she is to be at liberty to deal with peak-hour telephoning. It *can* be done, but the patients have a right to expect an adequate and leisurely service, particularly now that they feel they must establish their claim to a visit.

If official advice is taken seriously, the would-be patient will have as anxious a time as the doctor's wife; he or she must be presumed too ill to undertake a journey, and in practice he or she usually relies on an obliging friend to make the call from a public box or from a neighbour's house. One dislikes being tiresome to obliging friends, and ringing the doctor when everybody else is trying to do the same promises to be a very tiresome business indeed. There is something particularly frustrating about "Number Engaged" when one has an important message to pass on, and one has to deliver it to a harassed person by a certain time.

On the whole, it is very much to be hoped that official advice will be ignored, until the staffs of Health Centres are here to handle the calls.

DOCTOR'S WIFE

"OBJECTIVITY"

SIR,—Mr. Palme Dutt points out that all six speakers on the "Soviet Idea" were opponents of that idea, but at any rate Mr. Dutt himself was heard in the final debate (and was well worth listening to). Would any anti-Communist be allowed to broadcast here, I wonder, after once Mr. Dutt's party had gained power? Presumably Czech broadcasts occur on capitalism, "Labourism" and recently perhaps on "Titoism." Do supporters of those ideas participate?

C. L. TAYLOR

Birmingham.

SIR,—May I say how cordially I unite with Mr. Palme Dutt's plea that convinced exponents of Communism should have more opportunities of speaking to the public over the air? As Mr. Palme Dutt says, no one who thinks can be really neutral on the subject of Communism. The only objectivity possible is to try to see or at least to hear the other side, whichever side we happen to be on. It is the more desirable that the B.B.C. invite Communists to expound Communism, because no such opportunity will be conceded to the other side when Communist governments control the radio. No doubt, as you, Sir, reminded us recently on the authority of Engels, the British tradition of fair play is essentially bourgeois; but fair play is still a jewel, even if it is a bourgeois jewel. Let us wear it as long as we may.

H. G. WOOD

Bournville.

REAL ISSUE IN GERMANY

SIR,—In your otherwise admirable assessment of the German situation in last week's issue, you make statements setting out "our case against the Russians" which should not go uncorrected.

You say "the Kremlin decided from the first to run the Eastern Zone as a Russian show." I can assure you from personal observations that almost every town and village in the Russian Zone has been placarded for months past with slogans demanding German unity and declaring that separation of the zones would be fatal to Germany. The authorities (German as well as Russian) in the Eastern Zone hesitated for months to take unilateral economic measures, for fear of giving the lead to a division of Germany. In my view they endangered the economy of the Eastern Zone in doing so. Only now, when the Western Powers have split Germany, has the East issued its independent two-year plan and so made adequate use of its nationalised industry and other foundations for planned economy.

You say that the Russians "used quadrilateral rule to prevent currency reform and drove the Western Powers into forming the West German State." The facts are that the Russians proposed Four Power talks on currency reform last January, even though they knew the Americans had already printed a separate currency. The Soviet willingness to compromise on almost every issue in order to reach agreement was quite embarrassing to the Western officials. All main points had been settled when the Six Powers met in London to make their plans for dividing Germany. Even after that, the Russians offered to continue the currency talks.

You blame the breakdown of the Foreign Minister's Conference on the Russian demand for reparations. The real cause of the breakdown was the refusal of the Western Powers to set up machinery for the establishment of a Central German Government resting on the principles of Potsdam. Reparations gave Mr. Marshall a good excuse, but it still happens to be true that, even after paying a percentage of current production in reparations, the Eastern Zone in proportion to its capacity is providing more goods for home consumption and export than the West.

Your story that the "Russian-created" S.E.D. runs the Eastern Zone has been repeated so often that it is probably useless to set on record the real facts, which are:

The great majority of former S.P.D. members and leaders in the East willingly joined the S.E.D. because they do not believe it is a symbol of civilisation and freedom to have two working-class parties fighting each other. The S.P.D. in the West has not asked for permission to organise in the Eastern Zone. The C.D.U. and L.D.P. in the East operate freely, hold many key positions and enjoy more liberty than the Communists in the American Zone. The war hysteria which is being fomented over Berlin relies on such distortions of fact about Russia's occupation policy.

GORDON SCHAFFER

PRISON LITERATURE

SIR,—A. J. L. appears to resent my statement that his description of the prison library he knew was not typical. He suggests that as a mere visitor I cannot know what prison is really like. But I am well aware that there are two very different views of prison, that of the prisoner and that of the visitor. I have, however, an advantage over A. J. L. I have, visited most of the prisons of England, and I have also served a longer prison sentence than he has.

Last week I paid a visit to Wormwood Scrubbs (not one of the prisons to which I referred) to check further those of my statements upon which A. J. L. cast doubt. The Scrubbs library is not particularly good as prison libraries go. It is not yet linked with the municipal library, and the percentage of old books

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is unduly high. Nevertheless twenty-one daily papers are taken for prisoners in association, and any prisoner can have two weekly periodicals sent in. Among those actually received is THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Private books of an educational type are not doled out one at a time, as I saw for myself in various cells. Also I was present when the Chaplain, who is in charge of the library, dealt with applications. One prisoner asked to be allowed seventeen books. The request was granted. Doubtless A. J. L. will say that this was the attempt of a crafty chaplain to gull an innocent M.P. I cannot say; I merely report the application and the result. As regards correspondence courses, twenty-four are being taken and six more are applied for.

The educational standard of prisoners is not high, but I assert that in the majority of English prisons any prisoner who wishes to study will receive help and encouragement. GEO. BENSON

House of Commons.

OXFORD

SIR,—Your correspondent "Oxonian" falls into the common habit of Socialists of lumping Conservative and Fascist ideologies together as springing "from the same 'Officer Class,'" and assumes merely that one is a more gentlemanly "kid-gloved" version of the other.

I do not question the accuracy of his investigation of the slight growth of a modest form of Fascism at Oxford. Some signs of this have appeared in most Universities, especially while the Irgun outrages were at full strength in Palestine, but "Oxonian's" article breaks down on his assumption that, although the Carlton Club stands "impeccably aloof" from Mosleyism, it has many ideals in common with the Fascists.

Apart from the fact that the assumption will not stand up to anyone who has met any of the leading Oxford Conservatives—this year's President and the President of the Union are both very liberal figures indeed—it is even more untenable ideologically. "Oxonian" assumes that the desire for "clearing the ground" is the same as the Fascist (or Communist) demand for a "clean sweep" and a New Order. He forgets that all progressive parties—including his own and the Tories—desire a policy of reform and reorganisation of the details of our national way of life. Where we, and I believe most of the Labour Party, differ from the Fascists and the Communists is in our desire to clear the ground rather than change it altogether. We wish to reorganise our society while retaining the best features of its present constitution. The Extreme Parties of both Right and Left want to alter the whole moral and social framework. Surely this is a fundamental difference.

As to "Oxonian's" statement that both Fascism and Toryism spring from the same "Officer Class," I believe that to be totally unfounded. The raw and stupid dogmas of Fascism do not appeal in general to members of a comparatively leisured, self-confident and educated class. As in Germany and Italy, their appeal is to the half-educated, the lower middle classes, who, aware of their own inadequacy, wish to stamp a non-existent superiority on the workers and the "inferior races."

From experience at London University, and from contacts made with Conservatives from Oxford, Cambridge and the provincial universities through student Conservative activities, I very strongly question the whole basis of "Oxonian's" article. It seems to me to spring primarily from the inability to recognise that if an educated man has evolved non-Socialist views, it is possible for them to be of a quite orthodoxly Conservative nature, with no taint either of Fascism, Communism, Fabianism or any other non-Tory influence. The origins of Tory Reformism are to be found with Canning and Peel. It is unnecessary to look for them with Sir Oswald Mosley.

Hampstead, N.W.3. LIONEL H. GROUSE

NOT CRICKET

SIR,—As a true Englishman you must, with me, be very perturbed at the results of the Test Matches against the Australians. I have given the matter a great deal of thought and am convinced that the reason for our lack of success can be explained in one word, "Communism." This may not be obvious to your readers, Sir, and I would like to bring the following points to their notice.

Is it not a fact, Sir, that wherever there is trouble in the world the Communists are eventually found to be at the bottom of it? Some examples that spring to mind are the Gold Coast troubles, the murders in Malaya and, of course, the Dock Strike. Communists, however, always carefully conceal their traces and we must not be surprised that the connection between Communism and Cricket is not at first apparent. The Gold Coast troubles were originally thought to be due to poor wages and bad conditions, and some people are under the impression that the Malayans want to free themselves from foreign exploiters, and it will be remembered that the Dock Strike had been in progress for about 10 days before the Government discovered that it was a Communist plot.

I have always felt that it is significant that Cricket is not played in Communist countries. And it will not have escaped your notice, Sir, that of our two Communist M.P.s one represents a constituency in Scotland, where Cricket is not played, and the other an East End constituency notorious for its lack of Cricket pitches.

Another significant thing was the meeting of the Cominform during the first Test Match. Was this only coincidence?

I am confident that, by keeping our eye on the ball and playing a straight bat, we can keep our wicket intact and defeat the machinations of the Communists, who, if they *did* play cricket, would undoubtedly bowl bodyline. M. SEASEE

St. John's Wood Road, London, W.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

SIR,—I must express my profound disagreement with Mr. Webb's view of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. Surely it is now obvious that Alice (etymologically A-LICET or apart from the moral law) is an Anima figure, typically "larger than life"—or smaller. The *Adventures in Wonderland* with the White Rabbit, denizen of the underworld, as a psychopompic symbol figure, is even clearer. Here the Freudian motive, so inevitable for the Anima of a Victorian don, shows in the keyholes, the chimney of the house (or womb) in which Alice is imprisoned and up which she kicks Bill the Lizard (himself a version of the universal serpent symbol), and of course, in the croquet hoops and the hedgehogs, reluctant balls. However, the looking glass, in whose depths the personality in need of integration must look to find his equal and opposite is paralleled first by the pool of tears into which the Anima must descend, and also the river in the Sheep incident in which the Anima "catches crabs."

I have mentioned only what must be obvious in a superficial analysis. The whole thing will be discussed in my forthcoming study: *The Anima Figure in the works of Dodgson, Marx and Darwin.*

Campbeltown, Argyll. NAOMI MITCHISON

SIR,—May I, through the courtesy of your columns, enter a hasty disclaimer. The article "Through the Looking Glass," in your issue of 17th July, over my name was not by me; in fact,

I thought I saw a Prophet but,
Whilst reaching for my gun,
I looked again and saw it was
My Mother's Husband's Son,
"You'd better keep it dark," I said,
"It simply isn't done."

GEORGE HARVEY WEBB

United Nations Association.

[The author of the satirical article was a brother of Mr. George Harvey Webb.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN history was written at the Nuremberg Trial, it was written in the modern way: with earphones and interpreters, spotlights, mikes, special correspondents, cartoonists, movie cameras, the whole circus of news-getting that contrives to make everything sensational and flat at the same time. Justice, we may feel, was done; the charges were amply and horribly proved; into the archives went an enormous weight of evidence which the myth-monger of the future will find it hard to dissipate. A first effective step had been taken towards categorising war as a crime against humanity.

But, after a trial dragging on for eleven months and the final disgust of the execution day, it cannot be pretended that Nuremberg produced quite the immediate effect it was meant to have. The feeling of a remarkable intention remarkably brought to the point had slithered away into wry acquiescence or active revulsion; so that when the proceedings of the Trial came to be published, few people except historians felt any inclination to study them. Publicity had done its best and its worst. We had had enough. Not that the whole Nazi story had been told; far from it; books such as Mr. Trevor-Roper's *The Last Days of Hitler* were read with avidity. But our interest, our sensitiveness, had shifted, and now what we were curious about was not so much the crimes attaching to various persons as the persons themselves. Even that monumental Trial can be revived on more intimate terms. Wearied with speeches, we are still ready to gobble up the slips and asides, the arguments, dejections, vanities and private outpourings of those who came and went in the dock for eleven months. *Nuremberg Diary** gives us a day-to-day record of the accused throughout the Trial, and if it prises open no secrets it offers a continuous illumination of character missed by the public limelight. Its author, an American, was the "official prison psychologist." He talked with the prisoners separately and in conclave, prompted them, probed them, graphed their moods, heard their protestations and confessions, arranged their lunch tables so as to separate some and confront others: in a word, coolly shepherded them through the worst ordeal of their lives. Dr. Gilbert's methods were subtle, and he does not obtrude them.

The prisoners fall roughly into three groups: the Nazi bosses, the older-fashioned soldiers and diplomats, the fellow-travellers. All of them probably started with the hope of getting off or at least of putting up a good fight, and there was none (except the stunned Hess and the toad-like Streicher) who hadn't some sense of grievance in being there at all. What! Accused of making war? Why, every great nation had made war, or it wouldn't have become great. Göring had at times a jovial sense of *lèse majesté*; Ribbentrop and Von Papen were only diplomatic channels; Keitel and Doenitz carried out orders as their posts required. The second shock (after the war-mongering count) was administered by the charges of atrocity and the films, American and Russian, shown in court. None of the prisoners, according to their own accounts, had even heard of such happenings. That this responsibility should be laid at their door seemed to them unfair. It provided them also with problems of behaviour: how should they appear—horrified, taken by surprise, indignant, bewildered, or what? They edged farther away from Streicher, in the corner of the dock. But even he, it seemed, regarded himself as innocent in this respect. Himmler was the guilty one! And, of course, he had his own explanation of the whole trial and, rather surprisingly, of Himmler himself:

> "I didn't pave the way for such things," he protested. "Why weren't there any murders from 1919 to 1934 if that's the case? That was all done by Himmler. I disapprove of murder . . ."
>
> "They are crucifying me now," he said confidentially. "I can tell. Three of the judges are Jews."
>
> "How can you tell that?"
>
> "I can recognise blood. Three of them get uncomfortable when I look at them. I can tell. I've been studying race for 20 years. The body structure shows the character. I'm an authority on that subject. Himmler thought he was, but he didn't know anything about it. He had Negro blood himself."
>
> "Really?"
>
> "Oh yes," he grinned triumphantly, "I could tell it by his head shape and hair. I can recognise blood."

Shunned by all the others, Streicher said little in the dock, and came off badly when it was his turn to give evidence. He kept his biggest surprise for the end when, at a lunch hour during the final speeches, a newspaper brought them reports of the riots in Palestine. Waving his arms, he exclaimed that now he had only the greatest *respect* for the Jewish people; they were a fighting race; they would conquer the world; if he were freed he would join them and lead them to victory, etc.! This "recantation" at first amazed those who heard it and then brought shouts of laughter. But Streicher wasn't joking. This was the last flicker of fantasy in a torpid thug who, even in this company, excites no compassion whatever. There was one lower in the scale, a certain Colonel Hoess, who explained to Dr. Gilbert in matter-of-fact tones how he had exterminated two-and-a-half million Jews. "I am quite normal," he said patiently.

One prime object of the trial was, with Hitler dead, to break the Hitler legend. In the earlier phases, while the prosecution was stating its long case, the recital of Nazi history revived a good deal of enthusiasm: Göring looked pleased as Punch, the waverers were won back, a few who had repented wondered if they hadn't chosen too soon, Streicher glistened, Ribbentrop gushed, and Hess sat up with a flicker of interest. Hitler, even on a screen, could still induce awe in some and worship in others. After a morning during which a number of old Nazi films had been shown, Ribbentrop "wept like a baby, as though a dead father had returned to life." "Can't you feel," he exclaimed to Dr. Gilbert, "the terrific strength of his personality? Can't you see how he swept people off their feet? I don't know if you can, but we can feel it. It is *erschüternd* (shattering)." Hess, who wasn't always quite as dumb as he looked, prophesied that there would be a revival of Hitlerism after twenty years. This allegiance to the "old days" and to the Fuehrer, under Göring's scowling eye, splintered into a variety of attitudes as, with drooped heads or wearing sun spectacles, the indicted men came under the full glare of the prosecution.

Dominating and at odds in every way were two men, Göring and Schacht. The one, bluff, foxy, operatic, was making a last bow before an unappreciative audience; the other knew from the beginning he would get off, and that gave to superior intelligence an edge of grating contempt. Of the two, Göring, despite his viciousness, appears as the more amiable figure: a bully, but like many bullies, broad-natured. He might, and doubtless did, ruthlessly stamp on others, but here he can only quell them with his eye. In the comedy of good behaviour—what a role to be reduced to!—he sustains the leading part, with just that touch of exaggeration and shrugged shoulders which shall hold the attention. The joke was by no means lost on him. His coat sagged. He personified the big battered beast of Hitlerism vanquished.

Schacht, on the other hand, gives the impression of an icy prig, smug, mean, vulgar, triumphant in the knowledge that he has calculated right all along. His financial calculations had enabled Germany to recover itself in the Twenties. He had gone as far as it was possible to go with the Nazis and still wriggle free. "I remember," said Von Schirach, "a reception in the Reich Chancellery which my wife and Schacht's wife and many others attended. Do you know what his wife was wearing?—a big *diamond-studded swastika* which Schacht had given her to wear . . . even the regular Nazis would not use their wives with such bad taste." Yet, though he was shown up in evidence as a quibbler and opportunist, Schacht again had calculated right. He was among the three men acquitted, the other two being Von Papen and Fritzsche. After the verdicts:

> Von Papen was elated and obviously surprised. "I had hoped for it, but did not really expect it." Then, with a gesture of compassion for Von Neurath, he took out of his pocket an orange he had saved from lunch, and asked me to give it to Von Neurath. Fritzsche asked me to give his to Von Schirach. Schacht ate his own orange.

On these sort of terms—Schacht with his orange, Hoess's normality, Streicher's conversion, Ribbentrop shiftily trying to worry new explanations out of damning facts—we get to know most of the twenty prisoners exceedingly well.

Dr. Gilbert has arranged his material with dispassionate economy, never or rarely himself making a judgment, and pointing each day's conversations with a brief summary of events in court. Thus we are able to follow what, in general, is happening while we attend to the interaction—Dr. Gilbert's word—of the accused men. Seen from this angle, the whole Trial acquires a new and subtle interest. Its moments of drama are personal: Hess's sudden and delusive discovery that he is sane startles us, even though we know it is coming. And now and again the historian will pick out a valuable sidelight on events. Here is Von Neurath's account of Munich, given in an expansive moment, when he was enjoying a Christmas cigar in his cell:

> When Chamberlain had offered to come and discuss the Sudeten question to avert war, he went to urge Hitler to do so, even though he was no longer Foreign Minister. He virtually had to force his way in to see Hitler, and succeeded in inducing him only by virtue of his assurance that Mussolini was in favour of such a pact. Then Hitler said, "All right, if Mussolini is in favour of it, I am willing to listen." Von Neurath put through the telephone conversation to Mussolini, and an understanding was reached. When Chamberlain and Daladier came, he greeted them, and later asked Daladier whether they shouldn't consult the Czechs on the Sudeten issue. (I had asked him why that had not been done.) "So do you know what Daladier says to me?—This really should not be repeated too loud.—He says, 'The Czechs will just have to carry out what we decide.' That is the way it was."

Another sidelight:

> General Lahousen [one of the witnesses] further described the rôles of Göring, Keitel, and Jodl in planning with Hitler the bombardment of Warsaw and extermination of the Polish intelligentsia, nobility, clergy, and Jews. To create an "incident" to provoke the planned attack on Poland, Himmler had obtained Polish uniforms, with which he dressed up concentration camp inmates and had them shot while "attacking" the Gleinitz radio station, to make it look like Polish "aggression."

This came out in Court. Göring was furious with Lahousen, not so much on account of these revelations as because he had confessed to playing a part in the underground movement of the Abwehr, with the object of preventing war and assassinating Hitler—"Traitor! he should have been giving me accurate reports of our bombing missions instead of sabotaging the war effort." That afternoon Hess, who always sat in the dock next to Göring, redeemed himself temporarily and struck a blow for loyalty with his pronouncement: "My memory is again in order. The reasons why I simulated loss of memory were tactical . . ."

The off-guard evidence of this book seems to show that, militarily, Hitler could have been stopped at any point in his career of expansion. Bluff succeeded bluff, and it was not till the biggest bluff of all—the invasion of Russia—that Hitler proved to be wrong and the generals right. A reader of *Nuremberg Diary* may uncomfortably reflect that, since Hitler's day, bluff and counter-bluff, political realism, cold war have become sharper weapons of aggression.

G. W. STONIER

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* *Nuremberg Diary*. By G. M. GILBERT. Intro. by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 15s.

MARX AND THE FABIANS

Communist Manifesto.—A new Appreciation for the Labour Party. By HAROLD LASKI with the original text and prefaces. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fabian Essays Jubilee Edition. With a new essay by BERNARD SHAW. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"We Fabians," says Mr. Shaw in the postscript he adds to the Jubilee edition of Fabian Essays, "were a middle-class lot." They got on well with the proletarians as long as they were "segregated in research"; "indiscriminate fraternisation" was fatal. Fabians, he says, must remain "a minority of cultured snobs and genuinely scientific Socialist tacticians, few enough to be negligible in the electoral count of noses, and with no time to spend on the conversion and elementary Socialist education of illiterates and political novices." On this basis they have done their job for sixty years, providing British Labour with its peculiar philosophy, and, according to Mr. Shaw, surviving long enough "to see the gigantic Russian experiment completely converted to Fabianism by sheer force of experience under Lenin and Stalin." What this last statement means I do not know. Mr. Shaw has made it on several occasions, apparently confusing the temporary compromise of N.E.P. with the gradualism of Fabianism, but (apart from Lenin's translation of the Webbs' history of Trade Unionism) I can think of no evidence of Fabian influence on Soviet policy.

On the other hand, the influence of the U.S.S.R. on the Fabians has been immense. Re-reading Fabian Essays in this pleasantly produced edition, I am struck by the constant emphasis which the early Fabians, including Mr. Shaw, placed on the value of political democracy and on the total absence of any revolutionary content in their middle-class approach to Socialism. Mr. Shaw should contrast his own Fabian Essay on "Transition" with his more recent utterances ridiculing political democracy and praising its destruction both in Fascist and Communist States. Similarly the Webbs, so far from converting Stalin, were themselves converted to Marxism, arguing, I think rightly, that the great mistake of the early Fabians was in rejecting the Marxian analysis of the decay of capitalism when they discarded the Labour theory of value and other more ephemeral parts of his philosophy. The effect of the Soviet revolution on the younger generation of Fabians has been profound. On this point the second generation of Fabian leaders, including Professor Laski, would agree.

In his thoughtful and scholarly introduction to the centenary edition of the Communist Manifesto, Mr. Laski begins by describing the origin and history of the Manifesto and then proceeds to criticise, not so much its substance but the interpretation put upon it by followers who departed from its teaching in no point so obviously as in the assumption of their own infallibility. He notes without dissent Marx's insight into the causes of social change, and into the process by which a new class emerges within the old structure, whose "social, political and spiritual processes" are determined by the mode of production and the propertied system within it. He does, however, take up the very topical question whether the Communists have been good Marxians in cutting themselves off as a separate party from the bulk of Socialists in spite of the warning of Marx and Engels against the danger of advancing without the support of the mass of the working class. He points out that the "vitriolic character of Communist polemic since 1917" had its origin in "a book written by Lenin less because of any sense that metaphysical differences were necessarily differences on the plane of party-action, but because, when he wrote it, he was at all costs concerned to defeat and discredit Bogdanov lest his own views of party strategy ceased to dominate the Bolshevik faction." He points out that, as a result of the prestige and power acquired through the success of the Soviet revolution, the Politbureau has come to be accepted as the guardian of final truth, with results the full tragedy of which we probably even now cannot estimate. There is no Marxian or other intelligible basis for the belief that Communist parties outside Moscow should follow the Politbureau's directions "without any attempt at the independent assessment of their value and validity, when they are applied to concrete situations outside Russia, where neither the historic conditions inherited there nor the actual situations confronted, make the policy recommended by Russia either practical or desirable." The fantastic story of Communist behaviour in 1939-1941 in a war which, as Stalin later told his followers, had from the first "an anti-Fascist character" is only the most obvious illustration of the completely ruinous system of unchecked control by Moscow. The results of this dictatorship by a single section of what should be an international party, influenced by none of the traditions of middle-class democracy, has been a repudiation of all that moral appeal and that code of fair-dealing which is the very basis of British Socialism. "Men of extraordinary gifts ceased to have either a mind or a character of their own," writes Mr. Laski. "While they were thus acting, almost in the full light of day, they were demanding their right to be admitted into working-class organisations to which they promised complete fidelity even while it was everywhere known that their only reason for seeking that admission was their desire either to dominate or destroy the particular organisation concerned, and to make it as servilely dependent upon their leaders as they were themselves." All this, as Professor Laski points out, is a strange and tragic departure from the basic principles of Marx and Engels who were "opposed to any separate Communist Party," apprehensive of splitting the working-class movement and aware of the necessity "of a flexible application of their basic principles."

It will be seen that Professor Laski, who is today Chairman of the Fabian Society, broadly accepts the principles of Marx while repudiating the dogmatism of Moscow. This need not surprise anyone. There is certainly nothing in the record of Fabianism to prevent a new volume of Fabian Essays as realistic for the needs of British Marxians in 1948 as Fabian Essays were for the gradualists of 1888. The appraisal of the situation of the Western world in Marxian terms is urgently required; it should have been the job of Western Communists, but they have shirked it. It would not have been well received in Moscow. And yet it was surely the Communists who had most chance of obtaining a hearing in the Kremlin. Their responsibility for flattering and misinforming Moscow is very great. Instead of using its power and enthusiasm to aid the West in its transition to Socialism, Moscow has actually dictated a policy which, however suitable to an Eastern European country with a primitive economy, is likely in the West to lead to Fascism and to world war. In the light of its past history, it is easier to understand why Moscow should make such catastrophic errors than to forgive Western Communists for behaving as if they had no wills nor minds of their own.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

MORE AND MORE

The Other House. BY HENRY JAMES. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Bostonians. BY HENRY JAMES. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 10*s.*

Ten Short Stories of Henry James. (The Chiltern Library). *Lehmann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Wings of the Dove. BY HENRY JAMES. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9*s.*

The Other House is a particularly good choice for a Henry James reprint, for it is not easily come by. It is not included in the American Definitive Edition; indeed, the last edition of it was in 1897, according to Mr. Leon Edel, who contributes a most informative and suggestive introduction to this re-publication. Addicts, then, and students will be delighted to have it. On the other hand, it is not a good James, and certainly not one which you could advise the non-addicted to test their taste with. It belongs to the end of the period when James was experimenting with the theatre and was originally drafted in the form of a play. When, in 1890, the editor of the *Illustrated London News* asked him for something suitable for a serial, it was to this scenario he turned, writing back to the editor: "I should like to capture the public of the *Illustrated London News* . . . I shall endeavour to be thrilling." How thrilled the *Illustrated's* public were we are not told; but when it came out at the end of the year in book form, it ran almost immediately into two editions and looked at first like being one of his most successful productions.

It is easy to see why this theme seemed suitable for one of the more popular magazines; for it has all the elements of the "thrilling" in its plot. It is the story of a murder, committed out of passion, the victim a little girl whose father the murderess had long loved, but who had sworn to his dying wife that he would never remarry so long as the child lived. But in fact this is not very much more melodramatic a plot than Henry James commonly used. *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Portrait of a Lady*, reduced to a couple of sentences, would yield a startling result to anyone who, not knowing them, simply flicked over the leaves and picked out here and there a glittering tangled thread or two of the elaborate skein. Always below the highly decorated surface is this rigid framework made up of a Victorian plot, the Jamesian device of the single viewpoint and, after his playwriting period, the addition of a dramatic skeleton, a planned division into acts and scenes with highly dramatised dialogue used to focus the moments he chose to emphasise.

How deeply this rigid framework is sunk is made clear by the dislike which many even of the acutely literary feel for the characteristic elaboration of his later work. If only the elaboration were less, they feel, the impact might be greater. But *The Other House* makes it clear that the opposite is true. This novel is too much framework; it is devised very tightly, crudely even, within the playwriting convention, so that it is almost possible to pick the original play clean out from the distended stage-directions that surround it, to follow the story by reading the dialogue alone. The result is not satisfying. For, of course, the Jamesian elaboration is not a matter of surface, not a smoke screen puffed out to hide the nakedness of the structure. Elaboration is, in fact, a misleading word for what he does. Exploration is better, an exploration conducted with an infinitely detailed map (drawn on the largest possible scale) of the vast range of motives and values of the persons in their predicament. And, what is more important, the presentation is the opposite of impersonal or objective. A world is constructed, but we are never allowed to wander in it at will and make of it what we can. James, as guide, is perpetually at our elbow, leading us first to this vantage point, then to that, trying in the end to get all round the question, to judge it and estimate it from every conceivable angle, every known elevation. And always in our ear his tireless, ceaseless voice displaying, unravelling, commenting, suggesting, and at times even wilfully misleading us. This personally conducted tour, immensely personal and immensely conducted, is the final experience of the James novel; and, naturally, if you find the old boy a devastating bore, you will prefer the earlier novels to the later.

The Other House stands midway between, and, if it is one the least successful of the novels, it was very important to the writer's development. It was a culminating point in the struggle with the theatre—so disappointing and unrewarding as it seemed at the time. But with writers nothing is wasted. Mr. Edel concludes his introduction:

> On January 4, 1910, James sat up late at Lamb House working on the plan for a novel that foreshadowed *The Ivory Tower*. He filled sheet after sheet with pencilled notes. At one moment, in

an outburst of creative *élan* he wrote: "I see in other words my Exposition made perfect—see the thing as almost the Prologue after the manner in which the first Book is the Prologue in *The Other House*." And at the mention of this work—still very fresh in his mind at that date—he suddenly exclaimed: "Oh blest *Other House*, which gives me thus at every step a precedent, a support, a divine little light to walk by . . ."

The Other House then was a "divine little light" for Henry James. It is that, in more ways than one, for criticism as well.

You can take your choice of the early or the late—the whiff or the full intoxication—in two other reprints that have lately come to hand. *The Bostonians* is also missing from the American edition; and this, with its perfectly straightforward story and style, is a book that will please anyone, even those who are too impatient to endure the uncompromising *Wings of the Dove* (also now republished with an interesting preface by Herbert Read). *The Bostonians*, like *Princess Casamassima*, shows that, while he was still interested in the mere surface appearance, James could be as wittily observant of contemporary politics as any social realist. The *Ten Short Stories*, which are now added to *The Spoils of Poynton*, *What Maisie Knew*, *Roderick Hudson*, and *The Lesson of the Master*, in Messrs. John Lehmann's Chiltern Library, are chosen to illustrate the growth and variety of his art in this medium from first to last. And it includes at least four absolute masterpieces, "Four Meetings," "The Middle Years," "The Great Good Place," and "The Bench of Desolation." All this is enough to be going on with until the now heralded arrival of the Note books from America.

RICHARD LISTER

ASTRONOMY

Christian Huygens and the Development of Science in the Seventeenth Century. By A. E. BELL. *Arnold.* 18*s.*

The Heavens Above; a Rationale of Astronomy. By J. B. SIDGWICK. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

There is something puzzling about our regard for Restoration times. What exactly commands the affection in which they are held? Surely not the political and literary achievements which the history books quote. The most romantic Tory could not call Charles II either an able or an attractive king. Dryden was a great poet; nevertheless, as a poet, he does not rank with his Puritan predecessor Milton. As for the Restoration playwrights, by all means let us make the most of their good dirty fun, but not overestimate their place in English drama.

Yet at bottom our regard for the period is sound; but it rests on wider and less familiar achievements than these. They are scientific rather than literary achievements, but they are not specifically one or the other, any more than is Dryden's superb prose. They are the pioneer achievements of liberal culture, and part of a spontaneous widening of sympathy and interests throughout Europe. We can trace that even in the odd political conditions which made possible the recall of Charles II. And consider the circumstances in which, on his return, the Royal Society was founded. Its leaders were largely Puritan in sympathies, and some of them held posts from which Cromwell had evicted the Royalist holders for them. Indeed, the mathematician John Wallis owed his eminence to his skill in applying science to Cromwell's military needs: he was a pioneer in breaking enemy cyphers, and this has remained the traditional wartime service of mathematicians. Charles II cannot have relished these men, and he had no special interest in science. Yet John Evelyn persuaded him that it was proper to give his name to their new-fangled society.

There is a parallel in the position of Huygens in the Académie Royale des Sciences in Paris. Christian Huygens was born in Holland in 1629. His father and his grandfather were diplomats in the service of the house of Orange. The family was friendly with Descartes, who during Huygens's youth was an exile in Holland. In the 1660's, Louis XIV was already putting pressure on the house of Orange, and a little later he invaded Holland. Yet Huygens, a Dutchman, a Protestant, and a Cartesian, was called to France to help found the Académie Royale in 1666, and remained its senior official into the 1680's, when anti-Protestant policy became too strong.

Huygens's distinction and leadership were as important to the Académie as were those of Newton, who was thirteen years younger, to the Royal Society soon after. He was not the equal of Newton as a scientist; he had not quite Newton's penetration and range in mathematics or in the principles of experiment. His temper was more that of the inventor and mechanic, and the English scientist most like him, though a smaller man, was Robert Hooke, secretary to the Royal Society and arch-enemy of Newton. Like Hooke, Huygens made fundamental improvements in the clock as an aid to astronomy and navigation. His work covered an enormous field. He discovered the rings of Saturn and the formula for centrifugal force, he did important work in mechanics and optics, and one of his merits was that he made the young Leibniz enthusiastic for these subjects.

Huygens owes his place in the textbooks to one of his optical theories. He believed that light is a wave motion; in this, he was in opposition to Newton. It is usual to say that Huygens was right and Newton wrong; but the matter is not quite as simple as that. Here it is more pertinent to notice how wide was the influence of optics in the culture of Holland in his time. Huygens was the contemporary of Rembrandt, Spinoza, and the great naturalist Leeuwenhoek. Leeuwenhoek was by profession a maker of microscopes, and Spinoza was a skilled lens grinder. It is not fanciful to link their daily work with the attention to light which Huygens gave in his thought and Rembrandt in his painting.

Dr. Bell's Life is a modest one, which does not quite do justice to the sweep of its hero and of his age. About half of it is given to a detailed account of Huygens's scientific writings. This makes it less attractive than it might otherwise be to non-technical readers. It adds to its value as sixth form or undergraduate reading of a kind for which there is a great need.

The major preoccupation of science in Huygens's time was astronomy, for the practical reason that it was the basis of navigation, on which Dutch and English trade depended. Astronomy has lost this central place; instead it has become, unexpectedly, a favourite hobby for amateur scientists and readers. The intellectual pleasure which it can give is as limpid as that which amateur mathematicians take in the classical theory of numbers, or amateur poets in the sonnet or the limerick: the means are at hand for all, the principles are simple and familiar, and once these are set out it's everyone for himself, professional or amateur. Unhappily, most popular books on astronomy try to improve on these lucid pleasures by inducing in their readers the cosmic agoraphobia which Pascal felt under the night sky. Mr. Sidgwick's book goes back to the real pleasure of science as an intelligent construct built layer by layer from observation and deduction. It is very well done so far as the eye and the telescope can take us, that is, roughly through eighteenth-century astronomy. The statistical and physical methods of later work are more difficult to trace back to their principles. The book is admirable for any

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amateur genuinely interested in astronomy, and good reading for anyone who has the patience to watch the step-by-step of deduction unfold and deploy in a real science. J. BRONOWSKI

THE INESSENTIAL JAMES JOYCE

The Essential James Joyce. Edited by HARRY LEVIN. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The firm of Cape have produced, with characteristically beautiful printing and moderate price, an omnibus of the early works of Joyce to which they hold the copyright. Its comprehensiveness is doubly welcome, in that Joyce is an author whose comings into print are like an angel's visits, or a Cheshire cat's. Here are *Dubliners*, stories whose maturing realism looks backward to Ibsen, Dickens, Gissing, and forward to the Inferno of *Ulysses:* a work of self-discipline, a seamark to prepare Joyce's voyage into the unknown. *Portrait of the Artist*, with its dreamy Paterisms and remote Thomist clarities, would be more satisfying, if we did not know it, in the light of Joyce's future victories, for a voluntary defeat, by which he freed himself from his youth. The *Portrait* is a minus sign, its point consisting in the remainder liberated by its subtraction; or, Stephen Dedalus's dirty suit, left on the beach when he took wing for the sun and landed in Paris. But it will survive as the novel the 'nineties failed to produce, and will never cease to please and serve, for their justification and medicine, "the young in one another's arms" and the lonely young. The Ibsenist drama *Exiles* is Joyce's only failure, which perhaps explains his hostility to Shaw, though not Shaw's to him. "It's obscene," said Shaw of this, Joyce's only work which fails to incur that adjective. The underrated lyrical poems which follow, owe less than is usually supposed to the Elizabethan song books. Their purpose seems rather to provide a *tertium quid* to Yeats and Synge, for which they are fine enough, but too few. Their delicate beauty reappears in certain scenes of the *Wake*. *Gas from a Burner*, a hair-raising lampoon on an unfaithful publisher (he burned *Dubliners*, and this is his gaseous apology), is the only novelty in the present collection, but a significant one. Written and privately printed in 1912, it stands at the watershed of Joyce's creative life, and its note is, at last, not of nostalgic Dedalism, but of the cosmic laughter which will lighten the agonies of Bloom, H.C.E. and Shem, the pariah Messiahs.

The Essential James Joyce? No, the essential Joyce is *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, which, for reasons of what he called "copriright," are here most inadequately represented: and the earlier writings, which would be anyone else's masterworks, were his juvenilia. This was Joyce's own opinion. Embedded like nuts in the nougat, fossils in the conglomerate of the *Wake*, we find illuminating little self-parodies, the derision of an exquisite metamorph for the cast-off cocoons of its past. *Dubliners* are "dear dutchy deeplins," his poems are "chambermade music," *Portrait of the Artist* becomes "a poor trait of the artless," *Ulysses* itself is a "little-known periplic best-teller popularly associated with the names of the wretched mariner," or a "usylessly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles."

"There's only one kind of critic I do resent" said Joyce to Frank Budgen, "and that is the kind that affects to believe I am writing with my tongue in my cheek." It is, perhaps, rather with readers than with critics that *Finnegans Wake* will first come into its own, as a universal novel of Shakespearean depth and magnitude. It was written with pleasure, to be read with pleasure: no lazy reader will master it, but it does not require Joyce's "ideal reader suffering from an ideal insomnia." At first sight the *Wake* may seem a monumental teetotum, spinning upon a point of neither position nor size, confusing its rainbow colours into a drab beige. After an initiation as disheartening, and a success as sudden, as that of learning to swim, one sees it is a novel with a plot: a plot which sometimes relates the same incident several times, and sometimes preserves, sometimes relinquishes the time sequence—as Joyce says, "the baffling yarn sails in circles"—yet in these respects is little more complex, little less simple than, say, *The Ring and the Book*. And the characters—we have been too preoccupied with realising that they are everybody, to give them their due as individuals. We have caught them asleep, at a time when they have proliferated into symbols: but five minutes after the book ends (and, for it bites its tail, begins again), hill and river will become an actual publican and his wife, and take their children for a Sunday picnic in Phoenix Park. The language, substantially, has been learned, the symbols have been detected. It is in this other direction—the pursuit of the plot into simplicity, of the characters into real life—that the next advances in the tracking-down of *Finnegans Wake* will be made.

Critics of Joyce are still in the invidious and fumbling position of Shakespearean critics in the eighteenth century. They can't say one thing right about him, without saying another ten wrong. But one hopes we have not heard the last of Mr. Levin on Joyce. His fault has been that he learns as he goes along, but that is also his promise. The section on *Finnegans Wake* in his *James Joyce: a critical introduction*, though full of dangerous guesses, and since superseded by Campbell and Robinson's *Skeleton Key*, was at the time the largest single contribution in its field. His second thoughts are best: his introduction to the present volume brims with fruitful ideas, in particular, the evolution of Joyce and his avatars from the prodigal son to the prodigious father. GEORGE D. PAINTER

MR. REED'S NIGHTMARES.

From Smoke to Smother. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Reed is a brilliant journalist. Let him see something with the eye or hear something with the ear and he can report it brilliantly. It does not matter what it is—a journey in a car from Bedford to London in the autumn of 1940, a journey in a jeep through Norman lanes in the early days of the invasion, a conversation with a girl in a train—he can make the scene or words extraordinarily vivid and meaningful, with just the right mixture of reality and unreality, of realism and sentimentality which is the formula of modern journalism.

But Mr. Reed is not content to report what he sees and hears. He believes himself to be a major prophet and philosopher in the realms of politics and history, and here unfortunately he is just an infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry. It is the cry of a child sitting up in bed in the throes of a nightmare and screaming. Mr. Reed lives in a world of nightmares. In his lucid moments he admits it: "In July of 1945," he says, "I began a protracted nightmare." No one can blame him for being afraid; we live in a terrifying period of history. But fear is a bad foundation for understanding and policy, and when, as in the case of Mr. Reed, it feeds and is fed by reckless and irrational hatreds, the results are both ludicrous and dangerous. Nearly all the evils from which we are suffering today are the result of the kind of nightmares of fear and hate which Mr. Reed now hysterically recommends as a panacea.

He is afraid of Communism, of Socialism, of another war. Instead of trying to put his fears aside for the moment and to understand the causes of the mess into which the world has got itself, he stokes up his fears by looking about for scapegoats, evil persons whom he can hate satisfactorily

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MACDONALD

as the deliberate, diabolical plotters of destruction against Christianity, England, and Mr. Reed. He finds them, helped by Mrs. Webster and the *Protocols of Zion*, in the old, old nightmare of the Hidden Hand, the little secret band of world conspirators who manipulate the puppets, President Wilson, President Roosevelt, Mr. Attlee and the Labour Government.

According to Mr. Reed the Hidden Hand today consists of Communists and Jews. Facts appear to be irrelevant to him and his nightmare becomes more and more fantastic. He believes, for instance, that the Labour Party is the instrument of the small band of secret Communist and Jewish conspirators for destroying British liberty, creating anarchy, and ultimately depopulating Britain. Attlee, Bevin, and Morrison are just puppets who unconsciously obey the dictates of the Hidden Hand. Bread rationing is the final instrument for destroying liberty and was deliberately introduced into Britain solely for that purpose. (Bevan, Strachey, and probably Crossman are highly suspicious characters and stalk through Mr. Reed's dreams ineffectually disguised behind their long-nosed masks, though they are obviously very lowly persons in the hierarchy of the Hidden Hand.) It is characteristic of Mr. Reed that, though his thesis is that all Government controls and rationing are unnecessary and are deliberately introduced by the conspirators in order to ruin the country and rivet their chains upon us, he never considers or even mentions the economic facts of the world shortage of food. In his dream world if everyone, except Communists and Jews, were allowed to do exactly what they liked to do, the world and Britain would immediately be flowing with bread and dollars.

Uno and its subsidiaries, in Mr. Reed's nightmare, are a weapon of the Hidden Hand not inferior to John Strachey; in fact, he believes that bread rationing was introduced into Britain at the dictation of Communists and Jews hidden under the letters IEFC (International Emergency Food Council). In order to believe this he has to believe that a clause of the Constitution of IEFC is "the first instance in free British history of the surrender of 'sovereignty'." He quotes the clause, which proves exactly the opposite, namely that the surrender of sovereignty is explicitly excluded. That clause says, what many other treaties say, that a Government retains its right to accept or refuse an international "recommendation," but if it accepts it, it undertakes to implement it and therefore to take special national action such as the making of new laws or regulations, if such should be necessary. Fear and hate are not good instruments of understanding.

Mr. Reed believes that there is no such thing as anti-Semitism; it is an invention of the Jews in order to create riots and disorders which will serve as an excuse for destroying liberty. Apparently the Communists and Jews invented Hitler and the Jews invented Hitler's anti-Semitism. Mr. Reed does not mention Hitler's persecution and massacre of Jews. The "inventions" of the Jews in this case do not appear to be intelligible except to the dreamer of nightmares. After this one is not surprised to find Mr. Reed believing that Zionism is the kernel of the world conspiracy and that it is the intention of the Hidden Hand to rule the world through Uno from Jerusalem.

All one can hope is that Mr. Reed may have a good night and better dreams. The prescription is less fear and hate.

LEONARD WOOLF

YOUNG CRIMINALS

Juvenile Delinquency in an English Middletown. HERMANN MANNHEIM. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

There was loud and long controversy in the Free Trade struggle at the turn of the century as to what was raw material and what was a manufactured article. If you taxed the manufactured goods they turned to raw material in your hand. Steel, for instance. So it is with Dr. Mannheim's new book. He has excavated in the records of two sample groups of boys and girls placed on probation for offences or under supervision as being beyond control or in need of care and protection by the Cambridge Juvenile Court. The groups comprise 109 before the war, 123 during the war. Primarily he has relied on the probation officers' records, but he has supplemented and checked this information by interviews with those in charge of the children concerned. He has then tirelessly analysed the frequency of various factors in the individual lives, comparing this, where possible, with the frequency of the factors in the population in general or in similar surveys in other towns. There follows a chapter on the methods of handling the cases adopted by the Cambridge Juvenile Court, then a discussion of two special problems: (1) Recidivism in relation to the offenders' circumstances and physical and mental endowment, and (2) delinquent girls and the Cambridge Associations for the Care of Girls. In the former case an ingenious method of "handicapping" by points is adopted, representing the actual tragic handicaps with which these children have left the common starting post of birth. Lastly, there is a delectably convenient and well-marshalled chapter summarising findings and making recommendations.

This is a manufactured article indeed. But it is a manufactured mine of raw material for future workers. The scale of the inquiry is small. It is a specimen of what needs to be done in a score of other towns—and rural areas—and, as Dr. Mannheim urges, done by trained research workers aware of one another's existence, pooling ideas and adopting some common framework for their investigation, analysis and findings. Only thus can any solid progress be made in mapping the great sea of human frailty, friction, misery, insecurity and fear which throws up the flotsam and jetsam of recorded delinquency and crime. The sketches made at present are pitifully inadequate, and anybody who feels like it writes a little thesis on broken homes, inflated wages or deflated pocket-money, too much cinema, parental indulgence and/or over-severity. Readers of this book will readily grasp that there is more to it than that.

It is well for England that we now have two real criminologists, Dr. Mannheim at London University and Dr. Grünhut at Oxford. It will be still better when the Home Office relaxes its bulldog grip on all the invaluable data which lie mouldering in criminal archives and realises that genuine research carried out by accredited students working under the direction of responsible University teachers is one way of testing the validity of our easy assumptions about crime and punishment. There are the murderers, for instance, whose making and undoing could be studied in the light of facts instead of in the lurid glare of the *News of the World* and the House of Lords.

This book is not light reading for the summer holidays. Nor is it a pontifical utterance on juvenile delinquency with which to batter down an opponent in debate. It is almost what it claims to be: "a sociological study of delinquency on regional lines, usually described as the ecology of delinquency"—almost, not quite—for even those at the other place will demur at the classification of Cambridge as a Middletown.

CICELY M. CRAVEN

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HODGE

Week-end Competitions

No. 962

Set by Ralph Partridge

A Victorian mother told her daughter that in the worst crises of life, barring shipwreck, great comfort could be derived from repeating out loud: "I am an Englishwoman: I was born in wedlock: I am on dry land." The usual prizes are offered for three similarly reassuring statements that would be valid for a young woman today in any crisis, barring an atomic explosion. Entries by August 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 959

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The National Trust is sponsoring a scheme for the preservation of the great English gardens. The usual prizes are offered for a poem of up to 16 lines celebrating in any mood, the English gardener.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

In any gallery of English characters the gardener is one of the awkward school, cut out of Nature. Poetic refinement does not fit happily on him and he is not wholly assimilated by the piety of the soil; some hammer toe, some overgrown knuckle, the proverb-maker's spit upsets the picture. Fergie hit off his awkwardness in a last stanza:

> He lingers happy in the failing light,
> Translated far beyond this vale of sorrow.
> But all he says is, "What I does to-night
> I bloody well don't 'ave to do to-morrow."

And Stanley J. Sharpless points out that this graceless artificer of beauty is ourselves:

> The bank clerk in the spring, whose dreams
> Are fired by coloured catalogues,
> Whose white hands harden as he slogs,
> Intent on orchidaceous schemes?

Among the immense entry for this competition there were good verses by Chauve-Souris, Silvia Tatham, Wm. Bliss, J. C. B. Date, Nancy Gunter, Irene Williams, M. Trench, D. R. Peddy, J. R. Till, Allan M. Laing, Hassall Pitman, L. Marshall Jones, E. M. Silvanus, John Grant, and many others. I give two guineas to J. G. Bowen. To P. Baggalay, Shok, L. E. J. and Diablotin I award one guinea each.

> This is a poem in praise of the English delver and digger,
> Who delves and digs not because he is paid for it, but because he would rather delve and dig than hear the next-door neighbours snigger:
> For, when he is flanked by "The Laurels," and semi-detached from "The Larches,"
> It takes more moral courage than he possesses to name his home "Ah Wilderness," fallen arches or no fallen arches.
> So out he gets in the mornings, though not constitutionally an early-riser,
> To sprinkle what he believes are lobelias with what he hopes is fertiliser.
> And, as in the evenings he weeds the borders, and mows, rolls and waters the lawn without either assistance or stinting,
> Most of his remarks are colourful, but none would survive the printing.
> In obedience to the Ministry's Food Hints, he rears cabbage, tomatoes and lettuce against a rainy day.
> And then they all come to fruition at once and he finds he can't give them away.
> But oh rapture! How well worth the toil and transplanting, the digging, the delving, the bonfires he's lit in it.
> For here comes his wife and his daughters Cousin Nell, Auntie May, and the lodger with deck-chairs to sit in it!

J. G. BOWEN

> Jarvis is dead;
> No more the slow scythe sweeps
> Down to the beeches, where the wastrel heaps
> Of leaves stir listlessly.
> The fountain head
> Is buried under weeds
> And, on the terrace, airspun silken seeds
> Drift through the balusters.
> Jarvis is dead;
> No more the colours rise,
> In waves of blue and gold, to drench the eyes,
> For all is wilderness.
> His empty shed
> Stands silent and no more
> His great hand pushes back the heavy door,
> That now swings endlessly.

P. BAGGALAY

> Where the remote Suburbias spread
> The English Gardener rears his head,
> A multitudinous ass whose tongue
> Discourses drearily of dung;
> He casts (of which he shoots a line)
> His gospel pearls to me, poor swine!
> Wasting my sweet and wholesome laze
> With reminiscent dull self-praise,
> Annihilating days and weeks
> With lives of lettuces and leeks.
> His vegetable marrows grow
> Vaster than Empires, but more slow—
> What tedious life I lead while he
> Recounts their fateful history!
> One path remains to save my sense—
> Turn gardener in self-defence!

SHOK

> He potters in the potting-shed
> Where seedlings stand in rows,
> And from a nail above his head
> Pale bast cascading flows;
> A stubborn man, who won't be fed
> On what his master knows.
>
> His woollen, grizzled cranium
> Has never taken in
> That, bedded with Geranium,
> Lobelia must sin,
> While coronetted Dahlias
> God counts among His failures.
>
> Yet do not cross or flout him:
> You cannot do without him
> Since from his spatulate green thumb
> The glories of your gardens come.

L. E. J.

> When I die, do not let me
> Go to grass, go to grass:
> Just place me good and early
> Under glass, under glass.
> Instead of earthed-up barrows
> Use the cold, cold frame
> Where my exhibition marrows
> Made their name, made their name.
> And leave the roof aslant
> So I can see every plant,
> And the sprays of blossom spreading
> From the trees I often sprayed,
> That they might be skywards threading
> Long after I'm decayed.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

NATAL Univ. College. Applics. invited for Chair of Philosophy in Pietermaritzburg. Salary will be on scale £850×£30—£1,180×£40—£1,200, plus cost of living allowance. Initial sal. will be determined in accordance with qualifics. and exp. of successful applicant. Appointment will be in first place for a probationary period of two years. Membership of Univ. Teachers' Provident Fund is compulsory. Successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties in Feb., 1949. Further partics. and information as to method of application from Secretary, Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. (Previously advertised with closing date as June 20, but it should be noted by prospective applicants that date has been extended to August 30, 1948.)

THE University of Sydney. Lectureship in Psychology. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Psychology. Duties will include teaching of various branches of Psychology, but pref. given to applicants who have demonstrated an interest in Experimental Psychology and a capacity for organising laboratory experimental programmes. Salary falls within the range, £500 to £750 p.a. (annual increments of £50); the commencing sal. will be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to enter on duty as soon as practicable and pref. not later than Jan. 1, 1949. Further information from Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. W.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Aug. 31.

THE Institute of Laryngology & Otology, 330/332, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1. Applics. invited for post of Psychologist—full-time—to work in connection with scheme of research being carried out in conjunction with the Deafness Aid Clinic of the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital. Applicants must have a University Degree and be capable of carrying out vocational and intellectual testing of both children and adult deaf patients. The Psychologist will work as part of the research team and will have opportunities of developing and extending methods of investigation and assessment of the capacity of deaf patients. Sal. will be in accordance with qualifics. and exp., but in any case not less than £700 p.a. Applics., giving full information regarding training and exp., and the names of 2 refs. to be sent to John H. Young, Secretary, by August 7.

ST. George's School, Harpenden, Herts. Applics. invited for post of Bursar at this co-educational boarding school. Candidates should be of good general education and address and have had some training or exp. of business administration, accountancy, and property management. Sal. £600 p.a., together with some emoluments. There is a contributory pension scheme. Further partics. and form of applic. are obtainable from Headmaster's Secretary.

CITY of Oxford. Appointment of Librarian-in-Charge of Work with Young People (Female). Applics. are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above position. Sal. in accordance with A.P.T. Grade II of the N.J.C. Scales, viz. £420 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to a max. of £465 p.a. Commencing sal. will be fixed according to age and exp. Candidates must have had sound training in general librarianship and wide exp. of work with children. Person appointed will have the oversight of all the Children's Libraries and the opportunity of developing the work with schools and youth organisations. Appointment is subject to Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative Prof., Technical, and Clerical Services, to Council's regulations relating to staff appointments, to provisions of the Council's Superann. Acts, to successful candidate passing a medical exam., and will be terminable by 1 mth's. notice on either side. Canvassing, either directly/indirectly, will be a disqualification. Applics., stating age, professional qualifics. and exp., with copies of 3 recent testimonials, to be received by City Librarian at Central Library, St. Aldate's, Oxford, by Aug. 6, endorsed "Children's Librarian."

ARTS Adviser (man or woman) to encourage and develop the study and practice of the arts in the clubs affiliated to the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs. Post involves travelling. 2 yrs' experiment in first instance. Applicants with recognised Diploma preferred and exp. in youth work an advantage. Sal. up to £450 p.a. or according to exp. Travelling and subsistence allowance in addition on Civil Service rates. Applics. with full partics., stating sal. reqd., to the Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 5 Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh, quoting refernce number 442. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised. Copies of any testimonials held will be enclosed and names of 3 refs. given.

YOUNG man with sound technical education (preferred Graduate with some commercial exp.), reqd. as Commercial Assistant by Company concerned with Powder Metal and Chemical Processes (London area). This post offers scope for initiative and energy, and carries a commencing sal. of £400-£500 p.a. according to qualifics. Full details to Box 4346.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required for university organisation in London. Shorthand-typing essential. Grad. pref. Minimum salary £300. Applics., giving full partics. of qualifics. and exp., to Box No. 22, c/o Bartlett's, 31 Museum St. W.C.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

FULL-TIME tutor reqd. as from Sept. for developing adult educ. in West Oxon. Applics. invited from young grads. with good Hons. Degrees. Successful candidate will be on usual Univ. scale, starting rate being fixed according to age & exp. Further partics. and applic. form from Organising Secy., Oxford Univ. Tutorial Classes Cttee., Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford.

KENT Education Cttee., Crayford Manor House Centre for Community Education. Applics. invited from persons with suitable qualifics. and exp. for appointment as full-time Warden. Sal. £500 p.a. with accomm. on premises. Further information from County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom applics. (no forms issued) to be sent, giving full partics. of age, education, exp., etc., and names of 3 refs., by Aug. 14.

TOYNBEE Hall, the Universities' Settlement in East London, invites applics. from qualified men for post of Sub-Warden. Candidates should be under 40 years of age and have exp. of social and administrative work. Interest in adult education and in social conditions and voluntary social service essntl. Post is residential: most suited to a single man. Comm. salary £300-£400 a year according to age and exp., plus board & lodging. Applic. forms: Sec., Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial St. E.1.

CALNE & District Community Assocn. Applics. invited for appointment of a Secretary, male, non-res., to organise activities for adults and young people, country town. Comm. sal. £350-£450 according to qualifics. and exp.; superann. Apply for details and applic. form to Hon. Sec., Calne & District Community Assocn., Calne, Wilts.

THE Board of Deputies of British Jews. Applics. invited for a position of responsibility in the Anglo-Jewish Community, which will be mainly concerned with public relations. The post calls for exceptional ability and high qualifics. for which a commensurate sal. will be paid. Applics. by letter only, giving full partics. of qualifics., exp., and previous postns. held, to: Mr. Louis J. Hydleman, J.P., "Fremington," Creswick Rd. Acton, W.3.

THE Percival Guildhouse, Rugby. A Community Centre for Adult Education. Applics. invited for position of Sub-Warden to assist the Warden in the teaching and organisation of classes and in general running of the Centre. Post will be for one year, in first instance, beginning on Sept. 1, with salary of £250 p.a. A degree is desirable; wide interests and enthusiasm for the work are more important than exp. Apply by letter to Hon. Secretary by Aug. 3, giving details of age, qualifics., etc.

RESIDENTIAL Settlement: required September Boys' Club Leader (flat if married and possible whole- or part-time employment for wife) and Housekeeper (some cooking) to work as part of co-operative neighbourhood team. Particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

WELL-Educated young man reqd. over military age, who is interested in colour and design and period decoration. Refs. essnl. Please state age, partics. Box P.P. 17426, Samson Clarks, 57/61, Mortimer St. W.1.

WOMAN, Hons. grad., reqd. for translation section of large firm, accustomed to technical vocabulary. German, French and Spanish essential. Reply, stating exp. and qualifics. Box 585, c/o Dawsons, 28 Craven St. W.C.2.

WOMAN Club Leader and Assistant needed for the Frances Mary Buss House, Bow, a small residential settlement in the East End. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and salary required, to the Secretary, Society of the F.M.B. House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Middlesex. Further details obtainable from Secretary if reqd.

PESTALOZZI International Children's Village. Wanted: British married couple (30-40 yrs.) as educational houseparents for British house to be opened in Switzerland. Some German essential. Forms and details by post from 20 Balcombe Street, London, N.W.1.

HOUSEMASTER (single) wanted in Sept. for Junior house of Gordonstoun Preparatory school (ages 7-10½). Apply, with testimonials and names of 3 refs., to Headmaster, Wester Elchies, Craigellachie, Strathspey, N.B.

MISTRESS required in September for Junior forms of Preparatory school. General subjects. Apply, with testimonials and names of 3 referees, to Headmaster, Wester Elchies, Craigellachie, Strathspey N.B.

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Appointments Wanted—continued

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AUSTRIAN Socialist Journalist graduate, Social Science, experienced lumber-man, mountaineer, sport-teacher, wants job in timber/agricultural line. Box 4061.

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ENERGETIC young man, capable administrator and organiser, desires evening employment. Available week-ends. Highest personal references. Box 4070.

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BACHELOR, 29, B.A., Ph.D. (Lond.), Barrister-at-Law, knowledge French, Spanish, interested politics, literature, arts, sks. suitable part-time engagement, London. Box 4164.

PUBLISHING. Public School Man (33), active, editorial exp., well-known publishers, sks. post with established house. Some capital available. Box 651, Reynell's, 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

Where to Stay

BOURNEMOUTH'S Loveliest! Hotel Miramar, East Overcliff, offers you every comfort and modern facility combined with a charm of atmosphere quite unique. Resident Proprietors. 'Phone 1081.

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SWITZERLAND: Young people, pref. students, taken. Large private country house, garden, tennis, beautiful walks, 250yds. from Lake Neuchatel at foot of Jura; first-class country food, abundant fruit, intellectual atmosphere; library; opportunities for perfecting French, German. 350frs. per month. Mme. Hoefliger, Bru, près Grandson, Vaud.

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SWITZERLAND. Guests received in large and splendidly situated chalet in French Swiss Alps, 3,300ft. Swimming, riding, climbing, fishing, tennis. C. B. W. Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Château d'Oex.

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Where to Stay—continued

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Naturalization

NOTICE is hereby given that Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Edel, of 367 Hackney Road, E.2, is applying to the Home Secretary for naturalization, and that any person who knows any reason why naturalization should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to the Under Secretary of State, Aliens Department, Home Office, London, S.W.1.